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AN

ASYLUM

FOR

FUGITIVE PIECES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

NOT IN ANY OTHER

COLLECTION:

WITH

SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

VOL. IV.

A NEW EDITION.

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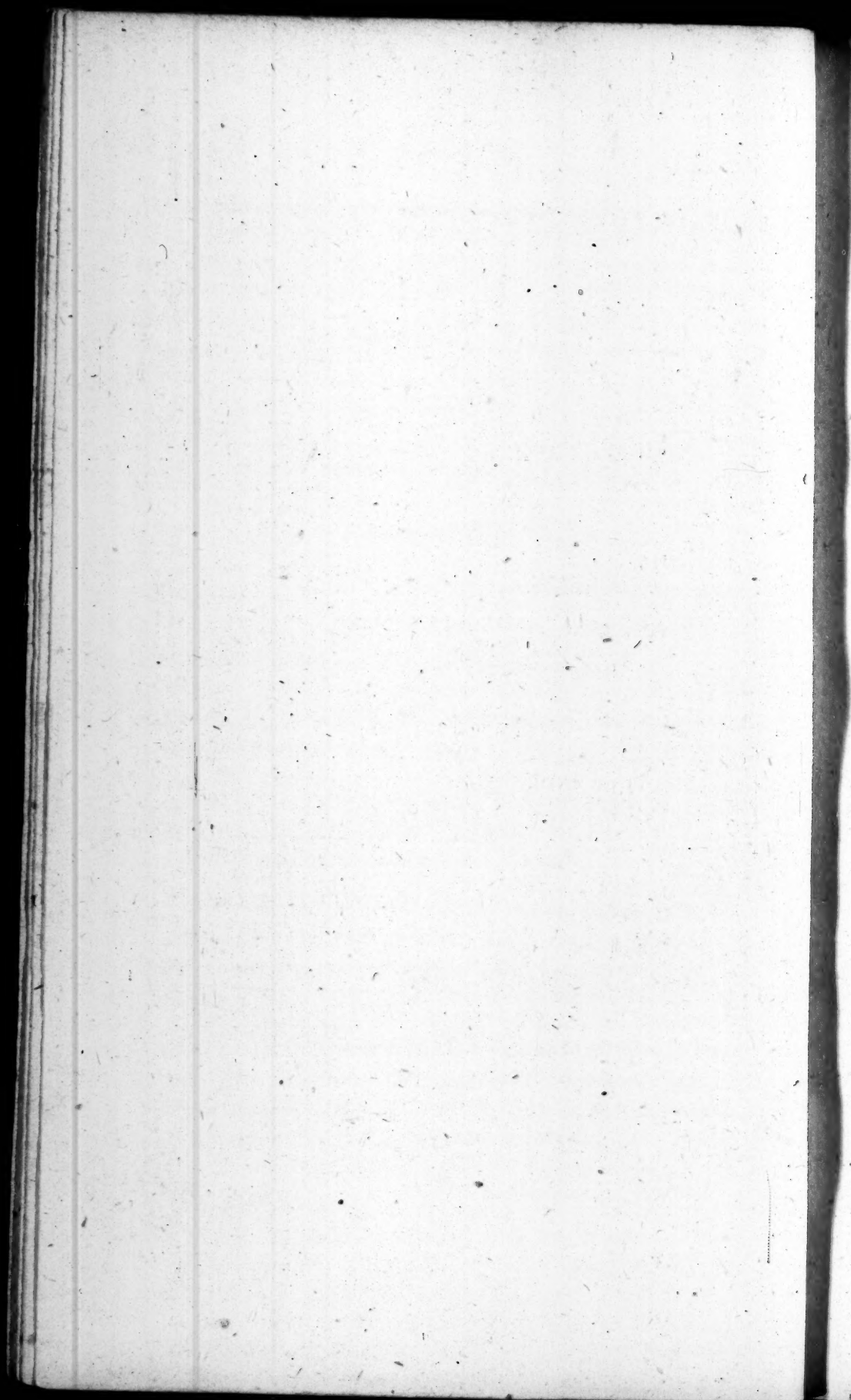
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AN
ASYLUM
FOR
FUGITIVE PIECES.

LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY;

OR,

HOW TO WRITE THE LIFE OF ONE'S FRIEND.

(*An Extract from the LIFE OF DR. POZZ, in ten volumes folio, written by JAMES BOZZ, Esq. who FLOURISHED with him near fifty years.*)

[By Mr. ALEXANDER CHALMERS.]

—WE dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books; I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip*—I said it was a great work. —Pozz. “Yes, Sir, it is a great work; but, Sir, it is “a great work relatively; it was a great work to you “when you was a little boy: but now, Sir, you are a “great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy.” I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believed he

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perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have
 "been compared to many things, but I never was af-
 "fronted. No, Sir, if they would call me a dog, and
 "you a canister tied to my tail, I would not be af-
 "fronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of our's, who was always making comparisons?—Pozz.
 "Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but him-
 "self; I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made
 "money, Sir, and now he makes comparisons: Sir, he
 "would say, that you and I were two figs stuck to-
 "gether; two figs in adhesion, Sir; and then he would
 "laugh."—Bozz. "But have not some great writers de-
 "termined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious*?"—
 Pozz. "No, Sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as
 "comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious.
 "The Whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house. I shewed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches.—Pozz.
 "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find
 "such a subject in your country?"—Bozz. "There-
 "fore it is a proof of invention, which is a characte-
 "ristic of poetry."—Pozz. "Yes, Sir, but an inven-
 "tion which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I
 reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark; it
 affords a proof of that acuteness which he displays in
 every

every branch of literature. I asked him, if he approved of green spectacles?—Pozz. “As to green spectacles, “Sir, the question seems to be this: if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or “because I liked them. Now, Sir, if a man tells me “he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt “his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, “Sir, I would dissuade him.” A few months after, I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, vol. vi. p. 2789. I have thought much on this subject, and must confess, that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:

To JAMES BOZZ, Esq.

“Dear Sir,

“My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy for me
“some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of
“your *Tour*.

“Write me soon, and write me often.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Your’s, affectionately,

“SAM. POZZ.”

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to-day: his wit flashed like lightning; indeed, there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint.—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, when “confined, when pent-up.” I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it.—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, the Romans knew it.”—Bozz. “Livy does “not mention it.”—Pozz. No, Sir, Livy wrote History. “Livy was not writing the Life of a Friend.”

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me of a friend of our's who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint; he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand nor walk, unless supported: his speech was quite gone; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremities cold; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said, with tenderness, that I would go and see him; and, said I, “Sir, I will take “Dr. Bolus with me.”—Pozz. “No, Sir, don't go.” I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart, and earnestly asked why?—Pozz. “Sir, you don't know “his disorder.”—Bozz. Pray what is it?—Pozz. “Sir, the man is *dead drunk*!” This explanation threw
me

me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterwards checked me.—Pozz. “Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh only at your own jokes; you should laugh seldom.”

We talked of a friend of our's, who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company.—Pozz. “No, Sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, Sir, his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow; Sir, you cannot touch him without giving him pain. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and pease; Sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was with child; but I would not talk politics.—Bozz. “But perhaps, Sir, he would talk of nothing else.”—Pozz. “Then, Sir, it is plain what he would do.” On my very earnestly inquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered, “Sir, he would let it alone.”

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up his coach.—Pozz. He is right, Sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot get too soon off his legs. “That man keeps his coach; now, Sir, a coach is better than a chaise, Sir; it is better than a chariot.”—Bozz. “Why, Sir?”—Pozz. “Sir, it will hold more.” I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good-humour. “Dr. Pozz,”

said I, "*you* ought to keep a coach."——Pozz. "Yes,
 " Sir, I ought."——Bozz. "But you do not, and that
 " has often surprized me."——Pozz. "Surprized you!
 " There, Sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you
 " ought to be surprized at nothing. A man that has
 " lived half your days, ought to be above all surprize.
 " Sir, it is a rule with me never to be surprized. It is
 " mere ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep
 " a coach, and you are surprized. Now, Sir, if you did
 " know, you would not be surprized."——I said tenderly,
 " I hope, my dear Sir, you will let me know before I
 " leave town."——Pozz. "Yes, Sir, you shall know now.
 " You shall not go to Mr. Wilkins, and to Mr. Jen-
 " kins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz
 " keep a coach? I will tell you myself—Sir, I can't
 " afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the
 course of his long and valuable life, he had not known
 some men who drank more than they could bear?——
 Pozz. "Yes, Sir; and then, Sir, nobody could bear
 " them. A man who is drunk, Sir, is a very foolish
 " fellow."——Bozz. "But, Sir, as the poet says, 'he is
 " devoid of all care.'"——Pozz. "Yes, Sir, he cares for
 " nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot
 " be a merchant, Sir, for he cannot write his name;
 " he cannot be a politician, Sir, for he cannot talk; he
 " cannot be an artist, Sir, for he cannot see; and yet,
 " Sir, there is science in drinking."——Bozz. "I sup-
 " pose

pose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks."—Pozz. "No, Sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the science consists of three parts. Now, Sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend ***** (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance,) he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much; but he knows not when he has enough. Now, Sir, that is the science of drinking, to know when one has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power; and seemed to be offended with a friend of our's, who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the Beggar's Opera. I endeavoured to defend a work which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology; but as they gave employment to useful artificers, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits. —Pozz. “ Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it.” I told him that my great grandmother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned that the spirit once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me:—Pozz. “ There, Sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in these shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing contemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are not seen at the same time, nor in the same place.”—Bozz. “ I think, Sir, that old women in general are used to see ghosts.—Pozz. “ Yes, Sir, and their conversation full of the subject; I would have an old woman to record such conversation; their loquacity tends to minuteness.”

We talked of a person who had a very bad character. —Pozz. “ Sir, he is a scoundrel.—Bozz. “ I hate a scoundrel.”—Pozz. “ There you are wrong; don’t hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, Sir, are useful; there are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not chuse to keep company with scoundrels, but something may be got from them.”—Bozz. “ Are
“ not

“not scoundrels generally fools?”——Pozz. “No, Sir,
 “they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he
 “must know many things of which a fool is ignorant.
 “Any man may be a fool. I think a good book might
 “be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia*
 “*Flagitiosa*, the *Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*, from the
 “earliest accounts to the present day.” I mentioned
 hanging; I thought it a very awkward situation.—Pozz.
 “No, Sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is
 “proper, Sir, that a man whose actions tend towards fla-
 “gitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last.”
 I told him that I had lately been in company with some
 gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend
 or other who had been hanged.—Pozz. “Yes, Sir,
 “that is the easiest way. We know those who have
 “been hanged; we can recollect that; but we cannot
 “number those who deserve it; it would not be deco-
 “rous, Sir, in a mixed company. No, Sir, that is one
 “of the few things which we are compelled to think.”

[Our regard for literary property prevents our making a
 larger extract from the above important work. We have,
 however, we hope, given such passages as will tend to im-
 press our readers with an high idea of this vast under-
 taking.]

Original Letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation.

Sur,

ON Monday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be as you will send me down by the coach some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am to *ax* my brother the old *Mare* and the rest of the bench.

I am, Sur, &c.

Answer, by a Wag into whose Hands it fell.

Sir,

In obedience to your order, I have sent you per coach two bushels of the best *oats*, and, as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added *bran* to make a *masb*.

ODE

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W—— P——..

————— *Injuriae,*

Suspiciones, inimicitiae, induciae :

Bellum, pax rursum.

TER. EUN..

I.

IMPERIAL Kate, to vent her spleen,
Charles Fox's head exalts between

Demosthenes and Tully ;
While you display an innate fire,
And emulate your glorious fire,
Britannia's pride and Bully !

II.

You snatch'd the Grand Turk's blushing Dames
From fierce Potemkin's * flames,

Thou trusty guard of beauty ;
And now to rival vanquish'd Kate,
'Midst eunuchs bux'd *he* rears thy *tete*,
As you partake their duty.

* Prince Potemkin had actually obtained a grant from the Empress of the Seraglio ; but our heroic negotiation threw him into a fit of despair, which ended in a *cholera morbus*, and killed him.

III.

Our gallant fleet was Europe's wonder,
 When you—like Jove, array'd in thunder,
 Prest on a female foe ;
 Dantzic and Thorn are Prussia's prize,
 And Mahomet's proud standard flies
 Again—at Oczakow*.

IV.

The church and mosque in union meet,
 With sacred song their Hero greet,
 Such rev'ence virtue wins !
 For you the holy Mufti prays,
 And pious Bishops hail yon blaze,
 Lit up for Priestley's fins.

V.

How skill'd in sympathy's sweet art,
 To heal the pangs that rend the heart,
 And peace and joy bestow !
 —You weep o'er Sutherland's sad fate,
 Tho' prompt to save—you came too late
 To soothe his long-felt woe.

* Some classical and ingenious Members pronounced this word Ockzacow ; the Russians barbarously pronounce it Ockzakoff ; the true pronunciation is here restored—v. *Walker's Rhetorical Dictionary*.

Your

VI.

Your spleen at knaves is prov'd—by *Eden*,
 Your fire by Russia, truth by Sweden;
 If Leeds is somewhat fore,
 Call in Dundas; the contest end,
 You'll find him still a trusty friend,
 As Rumbold did of yore.

VII.

Shelburne and North he left forlorn,
 Repuls'd by haughty Fox with scorn,
 He refts his hopes on you;
 Infidious pair, cries Scott amaz'd,
 By treach'ry together braz'd,
 To vote the Impeachment true.

VIII.

Congenial souls such scoffs despise,
 When threat'ning clouds dim Britain's skies,
 You shine the Georgian Star;
 —Illustrious PITT—in times of peace,
 You bid our taxes—debts—increase,
 To train us up for war.

IX.

IX.

Del Campo's haughty menace fails,
 And Nootka Sound gives up her whales,
 Dreading our cannon's roar ;
 Our Indian friends their wilds regain,
 And joyous see vindictive Spain
 Cede the Musquito Shore *.

X.

Why *force* us, Tippoo, to the field ?
 Cornwallis never known to yield,
 Pursues for combat keen ;
 On him the fierce Mahrattas gaze,
 The Nizam too—whose diamonds blaze
 To deck our gracious Queen.

* “ His Catholic Majesty, prompted solely by motives of humanity, promises to the King of England, that he will not exercise any act of severity against the Mosquitos, on account of the connections which may have subsisted between the said Indians and the English : and his Britannic Majesty, on his part, will strictly prohibit all his subjects from furnishing arms, or warlike stores, to the Indians in general, situated upon the frontiers of the Spanish possessions.”—*Convention, 1st of Sept. 1786.*

XI.

XI.

Proud China, rich in silver ore,
On Clive's grand scheme *—shall yield her store,
And ample funds supply;
Her teas untax'd each cot perfume,
Nor Commutation spread a gloom,
To dim Britannia's sky.

XII.

Protect, great Pitt, the exil'd band
Of Nobles, (*ci devant*) who stand
Renown'd in Gallic story;

* As soon as Tippoo Sultan's dominions are equally divided between us, and our gallant and faithful allies, Lord Cornwallis is to carry the late Lord Clive's grand scheme into execution, of conquering China, and paying off the national debt. Administration, with their usual wisdom, have adopted this glorious project, and thereby gained the support of Lord Clive and his friends.—Mr. Strachey has detailed the whole plan with great spirit and judgment. However, it is thought that Lord Macartney (if he can make himself master of the Chinese language—so as to express his ideas with fluency, precision, and elegance), will persuade the Emperor to pay us an annual tribute of ten millions a year—and we are to repair—and fortify the Chinese wall—under the immediate inspection and direction of the Duke of Richmond—as an effectual security against the incursions of the Tartars. The fleet lately designed for the Baltic, is to proceed under the command of Lord Hood to conquer the isle of Japan, and annex it to the Chinese empire.

To

To vex *new* Whigs restore their rights,
And make them Lords and ribband Knights,
The Refugees of Glory.

XIII.

A Tax, let vile Dissenters bear,
That Friars, Priests, may pensions share;
—To give their zeal full scope,
Passive obedience let them preach,
Where now rebellious Priestleys teach,
To spurn a Prince or Pope.

XIV.

And thou, great George, with scorn resign
To Gallia's realm thy claim divine,
That keeps the world in awe * !
Then Leopold's imperial ire †
Will waste her towns with sword and fire,
Till Louis' word is Law.

VERSES

* Our gracious Sovereign has hitherto protected France from the just indignation of Prussia, Austria, and Sweden, by retaining the title of King of France; but, before the close of this session, it is said, he will resign it, and leave his rebellious, atheistical French subjects to be punished, for their manifold offences against the sacred rights of Kings and the Church, in such manner as the great, mighty, and pious Potentates on the Continent may think proper.

† This encomiastic stanza was finished before the lamented death of Leopold the Great, who even surpassed his Brother Joseph in heroic,

VERSES

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

ON HIS LATE RESIGNATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S
CHAIR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

TOO wise for contest, and too meek for strife,
 Like Lear, oppress'd by those you rais'd to life,
 Thy sceptre broken, thy dominion o'er,
 Thy curtain falls, and thou'rt a King no more.—
 Still, near the wreck of thy demolish'd state,
 Truth and the weeping Muse with me shall wait;
 Science shall teach Britannia's self to moan,
 And make, O injur'd friend! thy wrongs her own,
 Shall we forget, when, with incessant toil,
 To thee 'twas given to turn the stubborn foil—
 To thee, with flow'rs to deck our dreary waste,
 And kill the pois'nous weeds of vicious taste;

heroic, civic, and moral qualities. The author lets it stand, as a slight tribute, sacred to the memory of that second Trajan—and at the same time cannot help observing, that the unexpected death of this illustrious Prince verifies the deep and sagacious remark of Mr. Drake, junior, who pathetically exclaimed in the House, “ Mr. Speaker, it is a melancholy truth, (I say) Mr. Speaker, it is a melancholy truth—that man is not immortal.”

To

To pierce the gloom where England's genius slept,
 Long of soft love and tenderness bereft;
 From his young limbs to tear the bands away,
 And bid the Infant Giant run and play?

Dark was the hour, the age an age of stone,
 When Hudson claim'd an empire of his own;
 And from the time, when, darting rival light,
 Vandyke and Rubens cheer'd our northern night;
 Those twin stars set, the Graces all had fled,
 Yet paus'd, to hover o'er a Lely's head;
 And sometimes bent, when won with earnest pray'r,
 To make the gentle Kneller all their care;
 But ne'er with smiles to gaudy Verrio turn'd,
 No happy incense on his altars burn'd.
 O! witness, Windfor! thy too passive walls,
 Thy tortur'd ceilings, thy insulted halls!
 Lo! England's glory, Edward's conquering son,
 Cover'd with spoils from Poitiers bravely won—
 Yet no white plumes, no arms of sable hue,
 Mark the young hero to our ravish'd view;
 In buskin trim and laurell'd helmet bright,
 A well-dress'd Roman meets our puzzled sight;
 And Gallia's captive King, how strange his doom!
 A Roman too perceives himself become.
 See too the miracles of God profan'd,
 By the mad daubings of this impious hand;
 For while the dumb exult in notes of praise,
 While the lame walk, the blind in transports gaze—

While

While vanquish'd demons Heav'n's high mandates hear,
And the pale dead spring from the silent bier,
With lac'd cravat, long wig, and careless mien,
The Painter's present at the wond'rous scene!

Vanko and Dahl, these may more justly claim
A step still higher on the throne of Fame;
Yet to the West their course they seem to run,
The last red streaks of a declining sun.

And must we Jervas name? so hard and cold,
In ermine robes, and peruke, only bold;
Or, when inspir'd, his rapturous pencil own
The roll'd-up stocking and the damask gown!
Behold a tasteless age in wonder stand,
And hail him the Apelles of the land!
And Denner too—but yet so void of ease,
His figures tell you—they're forbid to please;
Nor in proportion, nor expression nice,
The strong resemblance is itself a vice;
As waxwork figures always shock the sight,
Too near to human flesh and shape affright;
And when they best are form'd afford the least delight. }

Turn we from such to thee, whose nobler art
Rivets the eye and penetrates the heart:
To thee, whom Nature, in thy earliest youth,
Fed with the honey of eternal Truth—
Then by her fondling art, in happy hour,
Entic'd to learning's more sequester'd bower;
There all thy life of honours first was plann'd,
While Nature preach'd, and Science held thy hand—

When,

When, but for these, condemn'd perchance to trace
 The tiresome vacuum of each senseless face,
 Thou in thy living tints hast ne'er combin'd
 All grace of form and energy of mind—
 How, but for these, should we have trembling fled
 The guilty tossings of a BEAUFORT's bed ;
 Or let the fountain of our sorrows flow
 At sight of famish'd UGOLINO's woe ?
 Bent on revenge, should we have pensive stood
 O'er the pale Cherubs of the fatal Wood,
 Caught the last perfume of their rosy breath,
 And view'd them smiling at the stroke of death ?
 Should we have question'd, stung with rage and pain,
 The Spectre Line, with the distracted THANE ?
 Or, with ALCMENA's natural terror wild,
 From the envenom'd serpent tore her child ?

And must no more thy pure and classic page
 Unfold its treasures to the rising age ?
 Nor from thy own Athenian temple pour
 On list'ning youth, of art the copious store ?—
 Hold up to Labour independent ease,
 And teach Ambition all the ways to please ?
 With ready hand neglected genius save,
 Sick'ning, o'erlook'd in Mis'ry's hidden cave ;
 And, nobly just, decide ; the active mind
 Neither to soil nor climate is confin'd !

Desert not then my sons ; those sons who soon
 Will mourn with me, and all their error own.

'Thou

Thou must excuse that raging fire, the same
 Which lights their daily course to endless fame.
 Alas! impels them, thoughtless, far to stray
 From filial love and Reason's sober way.
 Accept again thy pow'r—resume the Chair,
 “ Nor leave it till—you place an Equal there.”

VERSES,

BY JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

*There is in the stately square at Edinburgh, the Parliament
 Close, a very fine statue of CHARLES II. on horseback, a
 cast in lead, larger than life. Some years ago the PRO-
 VOST of the city, from a strange Gothic fancy, had it laid
 over with a thick coat of paint, to make it look white and
 new. - This occasioned the following :*

WELL done, my Lord, with noble taste,
 You've made Charles gay as five and twenty :
 We may be scarce of gold and corn,
 But sure there's lead and gold in plenty.
 Yet for a public work like this,
 I would have had some famous Artist,
 Tho' I had made each mark a pound,
 I would have had the very smartest.

Why

Why not bring Allan Ramsay * down,
 From sketching coronet and cushion;
 For he can paint a living King,
 And knows—the English constitution †.
 The milk-white steed is well enough:
 But why thus daub the man all over;
 And to the swarthy *Stuart* give
 The cream complexion of *Hanover*?

This statue never gave offence,
 But now, as you've been pleas'd to make it,
 The ladies all will run away,
 Lest they behold a man stark naked.
 Stay, fair dissembling cowards! stay,
 He'll do no harm—you may go near him;
 I'll tell you—e'en when flesh and blood,
 Some of your grandams did not fear him.

A PARODY

OF SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS'S ODE TO
 LORD BATH.

LORD Hawkesbury, your reign is o'er,
 The Ins will flatter you no more,
 The Outs no longer fear ye;

* Allan Ramsay, Esq. painter to His Majesty.

† Mr. Ramsay was the author of an "Essay on the English
 "Constitution."

Your

Your table will no more be full,
 Your time will pass extremely dull,
 And scarce a soul come near ye.

Say, my good Lord, how will you feel,
 Resigning up the Duchy Seal ;
 Of such a change what think ye ?
 With eyes half shut you'll recollect,
 That those who now your rank respect,
 May then remember *Jenky*.

The creature and the tool of *Bute*,
 (A truth no mortal can dispute)
 Rais'd by his northern hand ;
 From the back stairs you hurl'd him down,
 And took possession of the Crown,
 And there have kept your stand.

All hopes are pass'd, and much, we fear,
 Your poison in the Sovereign's ear
 Has work'd the madd'ning spell ;
 The Commons will perhaps impeach ;
 That no one is beyond their reach,
 Let *Warren Hastings* tell.

Contentment is denied at home ;
 'Tis best by far abroad to roam,
 In hopes to find a change ;
 Blest with a most obedient wife,
 Your happiness is fix'd for life,
 You cannot wish to range.

Two rich young wards repay your care,
(Such fortunes as few females share)

Young *Jenky* may aspire ;
A youth of most prodigious parts,
Well skill'd in all the wily arts
That decorate the Sire.

One parting word, and I have done ;
Quick, let me help reflection on—
I'll say it to your face ;
I wish to hold to public view,
A thing that's rather strange and new—
A King's Friend out of place.

SONNET,

BY MR. BATE DUDLEY.

COURT me not to scenes of pleasure
This fond heart no more must know ;
Can it beat to mirth's gay measure,
All its strings attun'd to woe ?
No—the mind by hope forsaken,
But of sorrow seeks relief ;
Joy no transport can awaken—
Sighs must number out its grief!

THE

THE MARSEILLES MARCH.

SUNG BY THE MARSELLOIS GOING TO BATTLE, BY
GENERAL KELLERMAN'S ARMY, INSTEAD OF TE
DEUM, AS ORDERED BY THE NATIONAL CON-
VENTION, AND AT THE DIFFERENT THEATRES IN
PARIS.

YE sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandfires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
'Th' avenging sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dang'rous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous Kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruining:
To arms, ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air;
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, ye brave, &c.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, ye brave, &c.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD AUCKLAND.

EDEN, I chaunt thy titled name,
 And give it to the voice of fame;
 You've gain'd at last your ends:

To

To earn a pension, and a place,
And Ireland's peerage to disgrace,
You well betray'd your friends.

Ierne's * Lords sing, gentle muse!
Pedlars and Renagades, and Jews,
(Jack Rob'son rests in hope)
Magee in bonds, unaw'd by fear,
Proclaims how Earlsfort's new-made Peer
Renounc'd his shop and Pope!

His spleen indignant Thurlow vents,
He damns your grant on four † per cents,
And swears the bribe's too much :
Yet he, who vends himself to vice,
Can ne'er be paid too high a price ;
—A maxim with the Dutch.

* Magee the Irish printer, who has presumed to say, that Mr. Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry, who lately abjured the errors of the church of Rome, and his shop, was created a Peer, through the influence and interest of his noble relation, Lord Earlsfort.

† A pension of two or three thousand a year, it is said, has been granted Lord Auckland, and his posterity, to the third or fourth generation, on the four per cents.; to which prerogative grant (illegal in the opinion of many lawyers) the Chancellor has hitherto refused to put the great seal. How honourably and virtuously does our patriot young Minister dispose of the revenue of the West-India islands—voted expressly for their defence and protection!

Scap'd from the Commons sneers and rattle,
 You dearly sold you " prittle * prattle"
 On ribbands, tapes and muffs ;
 On Irish ware, and hops, and hoops,
 Wedgwood and Pitt became your dupes,
 So artful were your puffs.

Hail, frigid Pitt ! whose specious wiles
 Could win ambitious Gertrude's smiles,
 To make the Crown thy own :
 Lab'ring the blissful point to gain,
 You found your toil with woman vain,
 When George resum'd his throne !

Thy crane-neck'd turn to save Cheyt † Sing,
 And humble India's vapouring King,
 Rouz'd even Mulgrave's bile :
 Your shifts and quirks made Arden stare ;
 White-liver'd Grenville scarce could bear
 Such complicated guile.

Lo,

* A characteristic expression, inimitably well applied to Mr. Secretary Eden, in the Irish House of Commons, by Mr. Grattan.

† After Mr. Hastings's triumphant acquittal on the Rohilla charge, it was confidently said, by his friends, that he would speedily be created a Peer, and placed at the head of the India department.

—On the second article of impeachment, Mr. Pitt defended the principle on which Mr. Hastings acted in fining Cheyt Sing ; but the

Lo, Eden joins this shuffling crew,
 Yet fain would cheat old friends anew * ;
 Till Fox's thunder shakes him ;
 By silence owns his honour's barter,
 And sits forlorn a dumb deserter ;
 Ev'n impudence forsakes him.

Mean Hawkesbury's rival stands confest,
 Court sunshine only warms his breast,
 North's chilling blast he flies ;
 There forc'd awhile to point his head,
 His transient fragrance soon is fled,
 And Eden's blossom dies.

the exorbitancy of the fine, (though only an error of judgement on Mr. Pitt's own argument) provoked his indignation, to the astonishment of both sides of the House. The vote of that night effectually marred all Mr. Hastings's ambitious projects, if we may believe Mr. Dundas.

* The singular and self-conceited assurance of Mr. Eden, are, perhaps, unparalleled. After his desertion, he vainly hoped to impose on Mr. Fox, &c. declaring, in his circular letters, that Administration had courted his services merely to negotiate the commercial treaty with France, without insisting on any conditions, and that he still remained steadily and honourably attached to his party. One of these curious epistles accidentally fell into Mr. Pitt's hands, who instantly compelled Mr. Eden to assume his new situation in the House, and as an exemplary punishment, he was exhibited in a sort of political pillory, between Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Dundas. —It must be confessed that he shewed some marks of grace by his silence and despondency.

So round its pole, a hop-plant twines *,
 From south to west as Phœbus shines,
 Pursues the golden ray ;
 But twisted to a new direction,
 Betrays sad symptoms of dejection,
 Shrinks, fades, and pines away.

The course of treachery you've run,
 And the base meed have fairly won,
 As yet you're staunch and hearty ;
 But should insidious Pitt go out,
 Th' Archbishop swears you'll veer about,
 And change again your party.

The oyster thus, as fages tell,
 Lies downward with the hollow shell,
 To catch the flowing tide ;
 But when he sees the ebb commence,
 Instinct directs his torpid sense
 To turn on t'other side.

* Dr. Percival, on the Perceptive Power of Vegetables.—
 Manchester Memoirs, vol. ii.

THE KISS.

TO MRS. M.

*Sed placidam pueri metuens turbare quietem,
Fixit vicinis basia mille rosis.*

JOH. SECUNDI BASIA.

T IRED with chace, and sultry day,
Asleep, the young Adonis lay :
Beneath him nature's carpet spread,
Embow'ring roses veil'd his head.
Burning with love's impetuous flame,
The Cyprian Queen of beauty came :
She looks, she wishes—but afraid
His peaceful slumbers to invade,
In silent rapture, she bestows
A kiss on each embow'ring rose.
Each rose, with richer crimson died,
Its velvet lips expanded wide,
And from the heavenly kisses drew
Ambrosia's balm, and nectar's dew :
Sweets that on zephyr's wanton wing,
With odours fill the laughing spring,
Give to the bee its food divine,
And hang on blessing's lip and thine.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

THERE is scarcely a single image in this Poem which is not extracted from Mr. Burke's celebrated "REFLECTIONS." But though the images be borrowed, the Author claims some small merit from his application of them. Struck with the force of that gentleman's alarming predictions in the House of Commons—predictions which resemble, in their nature and their fate, the inspired ravings of the neglected Cassandra, he has here traced, with a trembling hand, some of the horrors which must attend their completion, and happy will he be if he can rouse the nation from its lethargy.

From Mr. Burke he is sure of praise, and he now calls the public attention to the subject, with that earnestness which its importance excites, and that confidence which arises from a consciousness of good intention.

CHAMPION of Kings! to thy superior claim,
Thy trophied triumphs in the lists of fame,
Bayard and Sydney bow. To thee, Sir Knight,
La Mancha's hero kneels with grim delight,

To

To thee his lance and brazen helm consigns,
 To war with windmills in the land of vines;
 Mournful and mad each feudal curse to save,
 Each dubb'd distinction worn by fool or knave: }

* In prose poetic breathe the pious prayer
 To stars and visions in the peopled air;
 Brave, like St. George, the dragon's hundred stings,
 And vanquish kingdoms in the cause of kings.

† Say, shall the peasant slave presume to rise,
 Rank with the great, or reason with the wise?
 With nobler souls the gifts of nature share?
 Born to obey, and exercis'd to bear.
 Degenerate France! ah, why reverse the plan?
 Ah, why assert the dignity of man?
 Wake priests and princes from their long repose,
 And bid the spell dissolve, the vision close?

‡ So awful grandeur guards the Gothic hall,
 And crests and mantles dignify the wall;

Ensigns

* I saw her just above the horizon—
 Glittering like the morning-star, full
 Of life, and splendor, and joy.

Reflections, p. 112.

† They must respect that property of which they cannot partake,
 &c.—*Reflections*, p. 351.

‡ By this means our liberty—carries an imposing and majestic
 aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its
 C 5 bear-

Ensigns armorial, pedigrees sublime,
 And wax and parchment half as old as time :
 The fombrous list succeeding years extend,
 And sacred lumber bids the rafters bend.
 'Mid frowning forms in coronets and cowls,
 The bat engenders, and the tempest howls :
 When lo ! awakes from monumental rest,
 With fees and fines, and mortgages oppress'd,
 The beggar'd heir. Prince, bishop, marquis, knight,
 To foreign garrets wing their solemn flight.
 The cumb'rous ruin falls, no more to rise,
 And simplest masonry the place supplies.
 But hark, alas ! the chasteft of the chaste
 Calls on her Knight—with proud submission haste ;
 Go, wing'd with love as distant * as divine,
 Release the princefs, and the nun confine.
 † With mighty zealots plan the new crusade,
 And bid the nations flock to beauty's aid.

Go,

bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits ; its monumental inscriptions ; its records, evidences, and titles, p. 50.

* Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, &c.

Reflections, p. 112.

† Is it to be tamely borne by kings who love their subjects, or by subjects who love their kings ? &c.

Not

Go, tell the world, the talisman of Time
 Makes falsehood fair, and littleness sublime.
 The lawless leader of a ruffian band,
 Who dares to desolate a smiling land,
 Turns, at its touch, the delegate of God,
 Law in his voice, and wisdom in his nod.
 So age may consecrate a Windsor's bust,
 And Wentworth's pistol sleep in sacred rust.

But here, Sir Edmund! here the plague prevails,
 *Borne in a bale of cotton from Marseilles.
 Lo! now with shrilling scream, and frantic dance,
 The graceless nymphs of Billingsgate advance.

Boards of Green Cloth, and Benches of Controul,
 Screen from their fangs each high heroic soul.

Not to make a common cause with a just prince, dethroned by traitors and rebels, in my opinion, is to forget what is due to the honour, and to the rights of all virtuous and legal government.

Letter, p. 23.

If ever a foreign prince enters into France, he must enter it as into a country of assassins—the mode of civilized war will not be practised, nor are the French, who act on the present system, entitled to expect it. They must look for no modified hostility—the hell-hounds of war, on all sides, will be uncoupled and unmuzzled.
 P. 45.

* From Mr. Burke's Philippic in the House of Commons, May, 1791.

'Tis vain. The fiends, nor great nor small to spare,
Scent H——y B——y's dear disorder'd hair.

But say, what nobler victims claim regard;
Who shall the lantern grace in Palace-yard?
Lo! first, with oaths defying and defy'd,
H——y, High Priest of Prejudice and Pride.
D——s succeeds, and H——y and R——e
With many a shrug the long procession close.

Great S——y snaps the wand he lov'd to wave,
No more to act the tyrant and the slave.
P——t to Calonne in fullen state retires,
To write or speak, as Burgundy inspires;
And G——n bids her lov'd cabals adieu,
With Madame Polignac to con virtù.

But say, can age or sanctity avail?
Lo! on St. Stephen's gate a bill of sale.
Where J——k——l jested, Bel——e warbled Greek,
Lo! now the deaf and dumb are taught to speak.
* The *sacred House* as base a purpose knows,
For there, alas! incurables repose.

* The House of Lords, so called by the Right Honourable Gentleman in Westminster Hall.

In

* In lieu of these, now Pimlico supplies
Her far-fam'd Riding-house of giant-size :
There rings the Speaker's bell ; there Jebbs decide,
† Unschool'd in Courts, to Parties unally'd.

With strangest potency their first decree
Lifts the bow'd frame, and nerves the bended knee.
Dukes, Earls, and Barons, ah! how few escape,
Like Satan's legions ‡ shrink to pigmy shape.

Hark! with accursed blasts, it meets my ear ;
Ye suns and systems start not from your sphere ;
Ye lightnings sleep, nor wrap the globe in flames,
§ **KINGS ARE BUT MEN, AND TITLES ARE BUT
NAMES!**

Now on the church the thirfty vultures prey,
And snatch her dear inheritance away.
Tho' on the state, her old ally, she calls,
Each ample farm at Christie's hammer falls.

* The National Assembly sit in the Manege of the Thuilleries,
and the President rings a bell to impose silence.

† Country Clowns, who have seats in that Assembly, some of
whom are said not to be able to read and write.—*Reflections*, p. 83.

‡ Paradise Lost, Book II.

§ On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, &c. P. 114.

And

And lo! to liquidate the public debt,
Lambeth and Fulham to be sold or let!

Secluded feats! with pious arts design'd,
To lull the passions and to nerve the mind;
With hot-house, ice-house, all that best consoles,
The board for billiards, and the green for bowls.

Hark! *ça ira* rings round St. James's Square,
And White's and Brooks's form a Bouche de Fer*.
Carron and Colebrooke Dale! your found'ries flow
With busts to Price, and medals to Rousseau.
† Bells of the churches, kettles of the poor,
Start into life, and bid their names endure.

But see great ‡ B—nsw—k comes to bless the cause,
He comes to vow obedience to the Laws:

He

* A Debating Society which is held every Friday evening in the Cirque of the Palais Royal, to illustrate the principles of Rousseau, and explain the Rights of Man.

† To this man and this writer (Rousseau), as a pattern to authors and to Frenchmen, the founderies of Paris are now running for statues, with the kettles of their poor and the bells of their churches.

Letter, p. 32.

‡ Great, indeed, according to Mr. Burke, who exultingly assures a very numerous, but misguided body of his fellow citizens, that the King of Great Britain holds his Crown in contempt of their choice;
and

He comes to share the joy that Freedom yields,
 * And meet the Nation in — St. George's Fields.

Mourn, Europe, mourn! no more shall rapture trace
 Thy generous loyalty, thy unbought grace.
 All that on vice the charm of virtue shed,
 All that ennobled crimes—with chivalry is fled,

and that they have not a single vote for a King among them, either individually or collectively.—*Reflections*, p. 19.

I am far from sure, he adds, that a King of Great Britain does not possess a more real, solid, extensive power, than the King of France was possessed of before this miserable Revolution.—*Letter*, p. 67.

* They constructed a vast amphitheatre, in which they raised a species of pillory, On this pillory they set their lawful King, &c.
 —*Letter to a Member*, p. 28.

Every man, in his sober senses, like Mr. Burke, must feel the pathos of this passage. I wished to introduce it into the Poem; but *I look up with awe to kings!* and could not reconcile my mind to the association of so degrading an image with the sacred person of his Britannic Majesty.

REFLECTIONS ON REFLECTIONS;

OR AN OBSCURE AUTHOR'S ANSWER IN PROSAICAL
POETRY, TO A CELEBRATED AUTHOR'S LETTER
IN POETICAL PROSE.

Miser iste Senecio—Misit duas in hanc urbem epistolas, rabiei sy-
cophanticæ non inanes. *N. Heinsius ad Gronovium de Salmasio.*

Burmann. Sylloge Epistolarum, tom. iii. p. 270.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT is this thing of declamation,
That roars so loudly through the nation?
A Letter do ye call't?——a Letter!
No Jesuit could write a better.
Intended?—no, but really sent
A make-bate on the Continent.
Another Essay made by rule
On the Sublime and Beautiful.
Here tropes and figures, all so nice,
There thunderbolts on Dr. Price;
That We stand gazing and admiring,
And He, be sure, is just expiring.

But why this mighty thundering, whence
This wasteful blaze of eloquence?
Could he not say, what mischief's brewing,
Without this hideous cry of ruin?

If

If the poor Doctor err'd in ought,
Must he so coarsely chide the fault;
Buffooning, like his friend O'Leary *, or
Th' already-vanquish'd Presbyterian?

I lov'd his prowess, when of late
Hed led the war of high debate;
Stood like a champion 'bove the rest
For our Palladium, the Test,
With arm uplifted to destroy
The rallied strength of stout Beaufoy,
Repuls'd the veteran troop of Houghton,
(Tho' Fox himself that party brought on,)
Charg'd through their ranks *en cavalier*,
And wounded Priestley in the rear;
Then, with a furious stroke, back-handed,
Laid the deserter Sheridan dead:
That time all parties join'd to cheer him;
The very "tongue of loss" cried, "hear him;"
E'en the Dissenters call'd him clever:
So far 'twas well—but this was ever
His nature, his unhappy knack else,—
He lays an egg, and then he cackles.

* Father O'Leary is a pleasant Irish priest, who has indulged his vein of humour in certain publications upon subjects of religion. These pamphlets, if any of them are yet to be found, will justify what is here said of their author. For instances of our letter-writer's buffoonery, see *Reflections*, p. 15. 96. 107.

Awaken'd

Awaken'd from a gaudy dream
 Of Chivalry, his idle theme,
 His dainty stomach can't digest
 An honest Revolution feast :
 That plain and wholesome English truth
 Is *Porridge* * to his taste, forsooth,
 Greasy, unpalatable, gross,
 And nauseous as a doctor's dose † :
 For him, he'd rather be without it
 Than always thanking God about it.
 Thus a fond mother's humorous boy,
 Whose stomach, trash and sweetmeats cloy,

* On the forenoon of the 4th of November last, Dr. Richard Price, a non-conforming minister of eminence, preached at the dissenting meeting-house of the Old Jewry, to his club or society, a very extraordinary miscellaneous sermon, in which there are some good moral and religious sentiments, and not ill expressed, mixed up in a sort of *porridge* of various political opinions and reflections. — *Reflections*, p. 12.

† The kind of anniversary sermons, to which a great part of what I write refers, if men are not shamed out of their present course, in commemorating the fact, will cheat many out of the principles, and deprive them of the benefits of the Revolution they commemorate. I confess to you, Sir, I never liked this continual talk of resistance and revolution, or the practice of making the extreme medicine of the constitution its daily bread. It renders the habit of society *dangerously* valetudinary ; it is taking periodical doses of mercury sublimata, p. 93.

Is brought to table, takes his place ;
But will not say Amen to th' Grace.

When France had burst her iron chain,
And Freedom there resum'd her reign,
When her Oppressor's staff was broke,
And millions had put off the yoke,
Who thought it was profane to say,
" Thank Heaven, I've liv'd to see the day ?"
Yes—his nice conscience is so squeamish,
He fain would call those thanks blasphemish* :
But when that high and haughty Dame,
Whose spirit is his proudest theme,
When she the desperate deed has plann'd
† To fall by no ignoble hand ;

* I find a preacher of the gospel prophaning the beautiful and prophetic ejaculation, &c. p. 99.

† I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of the triumph, has borne that day, (one is interested that beings made for suffering, should suffer well,) and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety and her courage ; that like her she has lofty sentiments ; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron ; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace, and that if she must fall, she will *fall by no ignoble hand*, p. 111.

He

He triumphs in such royal zeal;
 'Tis then this pious *Oracle*,
 (So spirited her enterprize is)
 T' applaud self-murder, *philippizes* * ;
 And chaunts once more that soothing note
 He sung when P——l cut his throat.

Knight of the tongue and tearful eye,
 Last "Orphan-heir" of Chivalry,
 Champion of Ladies in distresses,
 Both of fair Queens and black Princesses;
 Or, if that humbler name you chuse,
 Great Prolocutor of th' Hindoos;
 May I presume a while to borrow
 Your tongue's alternate scorn and sorrow?
 For sure no other tongue can tell
 A tale of sorrow half so well.

"That dreadful morning in October!"
 (Who can speak of it and be sober?)
 " + O that some artist would engage
 " To bring that story on the stage,

"That

* I know they set him up as a sort of *oracle*; because, with the best intention in the world, he naturally *philippizes*, and *chaunts his prophetic song* in exact unison with their designs, p. 13.

† Why do I feel so differently from the Rev. Dr. Price, and those of his lay flock, who will chuse to adopt the sentiments of his
 dis-

- " That I might give my tears to flow
 " O'er the dire scene of royal woe!
 " There would I sit and shew the world
 " How I can weep when kings are hurl'd,
 " Hurl'd by misfortune from their throne—
 (I'm not *now* speaking of our own.)
 " But let not Dr. Price appear,
 " Nor any of his flock come near;
 " I know they do not feel as I;
 " No: ' these four-natur'd dogs' can't cry.
 " I'd be ashamed to shew my face,
 " If't did not cry at such distress.
 " Why, I have cried, when Siddons late
 " Presented the sad turns of fate,

discourse?—For this plain reason—because it is *natural* I should,
 p. 119.

Because when *kings are hurled from their thrones* by the Supreme Director of this great drama, and become the object of insult to the base, and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the moral, as we should behold a miracle in the physical order of things, *ibid.*

* Some tears might be drawn from me, if such a spectacle were exhibited on the stage, I should be truly ashamed of finding in myself that superficial, theatric sense of painted distress, whilst I could exult over it in real life. With such a perverted mind, I could never venture to shew my face at a tragedy. People would think the tears that Garrick formerly, or that Siddons not long since, have extorted from me, were the tears of hypocrisy; I should know them to be tears of folly, p. 120.

" In

“ In the frail, beauteous, humbled Shore ;
 “ I cried, when Garrick long before
 “ Acted a ‘ fond and foolish’ * King ;
 “ And shan’t I, when the very thing—
 “ I would say, when the story’s real?
 “ ’Tis *natural* that one should feel.

“ Once, I acknowledge, and but once,
 “ I was that idiot, prating dunce,
 “ To hint a likeness ’tween our Cæsar,
 “ And him of Babylon—’*chadnezzar* ;
 “ That Cæsar should be sent to grafs,
 “ As that o’erproud Chaldean was.
 “ Alas, the words that are gone, are gone !
 “ But I talk’d ‘ Babylonian jargon †.’
 “ Sure some ill Demon was let loose
 “ That day to serve me like a goose ;
 “ ‡ Who trufs’d me, and took out my bowels
 “ To make a shew of me ; for how else

* I am a very foolish, fond, old man, *K. Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 6.

† The law calls this high magistrate, not our servant, as this humble Divine calls him, but “ *our sovereign Lord the King* ;” and we, on our parts, have learned to speak only the primitive language of the law, and not the confused *jargon* of their *Babylonian* pulpits.—*Reflections*, p. 41.

‡ We have not been drawn and *trussed*, in order that we may be filled, like *stuffed* birds in a museum, with chaff and rags, and paltry, blurred *shreds of paper* about the rights of man, p. 128.

“ Could

" Could I then hold him up to scorn,
 " Whose ' faculties so meek were born?'
 " Could I then think upon his woes,
 " Nor pay the sigh that duty owes?
 " Nor shed the tear that pity sheds?—
 " Sure I was stuff'd with paper-shreds.

" But, when I recollect that morning,
 " I feel ' my natural entrails' * yearning.
 " That morning's horror † makes a joke of
 " All I have read, or heard, or spoke of:
 " That tragedy surpasses all
 " That I imported from Bengal.
 " 'Twas then a fiercer Devi Sing ‡
 " Cut down the servants of the King,
 " With ' scatter'd limbs' § his palace strew'd,
 " And fell a swimming in the blood.

* We have not been completely embowelled of our *natural entrails*, p. 128.

† The most horrid, atrocious, and afflicting spectacle, that, perhaps, ever was exhibited to the pity and indignation of mankind, p. 99.

‡ They who attended in Westminster Hall on Feb. 18, 1788, have not forgotten that this Devi Sing was the principal figure in Mr. Burke's *great history-piece of the massacre of innocents*, p. 108.

§ The most splendid *palace* in the world, which they left *swimming in blood*, polluted by massacre, and strewed with *scattered limbs* and mutilated carcases, p. 106.

" 'Twas

" 'Twas then, with insolence and scoffing,
 " The Mob seiz'd King, and Queen, and Dauphin,
 " Coach'd 'em, and drove 'em on at will—
 " Cheyt Sing was ne'er us'd half so ill !
 " While fishwomen, set on to plague 'em,
 " Profan'd 'em like the Munny Begum."

Choice stories these, when finely penn'd !
 For what ?—To set the hair an end ;
 To blanch with horror ladies' cheeks ;
 To call forth groans and piteous shrieks :
 To make men stare, and children cry ;—
 What pity 'tis they're all —— !
 That Munny Begum *, we are told,
 (For his strange mouth blows hot and cold,)
 That sacred Princess turns a penny
 By Gin, to make up her revenue ;
 Has a great shop, and sells a can
 Of the best drink in Hindostan :
 Ladies of Europe, make your moan,
 The glory of your world is gone :
 For earth-born creatures have offended
 The brightest vision † e'er descended

* Mr. Burke affirmed in Westminster Hall, that the Begum kept the greatest gin-shop in Hindostan. It was upon this occasion that one of the counsel told him *he blew hot and cold*.

† Surely never lighted on *this orb*, which she hardly seemed to touch, *a more delightful vision*.—She added titles of *reverence* to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love. *Reflections*, p. 112.

Upon

Upon this orb from realm above ;
 Object of awe and distant love ;
 But grossly they presum'd to handle,
 And out went glory * like a candle ;
 Nor does there virtuous breath remain
 Enough to blow it up again.

(Where were your naked weapons then,
 Nation of gallant gentlemen ?
 I thought ye were indeed so stout,
 “ Ten thousand ” † of 'em would be out ;
 Ten thousand jolly weapons bar'd
 Against those devils, *les Poissardes*.
 Truly the dirty work was much,
 But you'd “ ennoble ‡ what you touch.”

* *The glory of Europe is extinguished for ever*, p. 113.

† I thought *ten thousand* swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone.—That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever, p. 112.—This is a very high strain of eloquence.

So King Lear in his raving,

“ To have a *thousand* with red burning spits,

“ Come hissing in upon 'em.”

(*Les Poissardes*.) Act III., Sc. 5.

I have brought these two passages together, as no bad instance to shew the *near alliance* between the *great wit* and the *madman*.

‡ The chastity of honour, which ennobled what it touched, p. 113.

VOL. IV.

D

You .

You should have lugg'd 'em out by th' ears;
What, are ye ' men and Cavaliers * ?'

Well, if you will not use your fabres,
E'en take a lesson from your neighbours,
Where's he †, that libeller, I mean,
Who dar'd, with us, affront your Queen?
At first, he hop'd to brave the matter:
But when the Law began to clatter,
There was such terror in the sound,
It scar'd him out of Christian ground:
So to the Hebrews he repair'd,
And waited for a growth of beard;
Nor came again to public view
Till he had made himself a Jew.
As horsestealers, t'ensure their prey,
Will dock, and cut the ears away,
And thus disguise a forry horse
By making his appearance worse;
So, curtail'd of his nat'ral shape,
Our noble culprit thought to scape,
By his disguise of head and tail;
But no, we have him safe in jail:

* Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a *nation of gallant men*, in a nation of men of honour and *cavaliers*, p. 112.

† We have Lord George Gordon fast in Newgate, &c. p. 124.

There,

There, in a "spiritual retreat"
 Of "wholesome darkness" be his seat.—
 Our Newgate's † very like your Bastile—
 He's there; and there we'll keep him fast, till
 We've made him con his *Talmud* o'er:
 We'll teach the *Rabbin* to call whore.

But hark! for now, methought I heard
 A dark, ill-omen'd, fullen word,
 A boding——hark, that voice again!
 And "somewhat of prophetic strain."
 'Tis so; while we dreamt nothing of it,
 Our Politician is turn'd Prophet."
 Alas, for France! he reads her doom
 In visions of strange woes to come.

Thus, I remember to have seen
 A certain prophesying Dean,
 Self-nam'd Cassandra, as men tell;
 Our Author's motley parallel.
 Like him, he had the gift of spying
 Great things, in little causes lying;

* In this *spiritual retreat* let the noble libeller remain, p. 125.
 —A madman, who has escaped from the protecting restraints and
wholesome darkness of his cell, p. 8.

† *We have prisons almost as strong as the Bastile*, for those who
 dare to libel the Queens of France, p. 125.

Let him there *meditate upon his Talmud*, *ibid.*

Who knew if England's trade would fail,
 By looking on a weather's tail;
 Or, if her glory were t'increase,
 Could read it in th' exciseman's face:
 Who peep'd—I'm half ashamed to tell ye—
 Who peep'd into a matron's belly;
 And saw, what well might make him stare,
 Rebels in embryo kicking there;
 Which, but for that close sultry prison,
 Would swagger out, and be too free soon.
 Improving on this clever hint,
 He made a Book on Government.
 There he began to huff and vapour;
 And swore (for he wou'd swear on paper)
 He'd prove each author else a block,
 From Aristotle down to Locke;
 And with a feather of his pen
 Sweep off the *Natural Rights* of Men.
 Then wrote to statesmen * *Quasi*-letters;
 With thoughts on chains, and hints of fetters:

* In that treatise on government, the author thought he had gained a triumph over the *Lockians*, (as he was pleased to call those against whom he wrote,) by introducing some nice distinction between contracts and quasi-contracts. I have followed this nicety in giving an accurate name to those things which he called 'Letters' to the French Minister. They were not letters, but quasi-letters.

Shut up his Bible-book, and swore,
 He would pursue that trade no more :
 He was, thank God for't, high enough,
 With such like skimble-skamble stuff :
 He would be all-in-all a writer,
 And turn his backside on a mitre—
 Which his vain eye saw, God knows where,
 Like Macbeth's dagger, drawn in air.

* He's past ; Oblivion 'gins to spread
 Her shadow o'er his breathing head.
 His ill-shap'd labours round him lie,
 An early buried progeny.
 Yet their fond parent in his time,
 Deem'd them prophetic, rare, sublime ;
 Thought each an everlasting work,
 Look'd big, and shook his head at Burke.

* The political volumes of this writer are now beyond my reach. I have neither the *Cassandra*, nor the book on Government, nor the Letters, nor any other ; and can only add, from report, concerning that affidavit-like passage which made so pleasant a figure in one of them, that the author was provoked to insert it by some pointed insinuations of our Letter-writer. What followed was natural. A reconciliation soon took place between two persons, who, besides their other points of resemblance, agreed so nearly in the rare virtue of self-denying moderation, that the statesman, as he has told the world, (p. 356) 'desired honours, distinctions, and emoluments, but a little ;' and the divine swore he would not have them at all.

But see our Prophet now retire ;
 This Irish Seer * of blood and fire,"
 Whose raven-voice has warn'd us wait
 The havoc of a mighty state ;
 Hear him, with cool indifference, tell us,
 † He's got again among good fellows,
 To labour in a lesser ruin,
 While that more glorious work is doing.

So that old Prophet, to his shame,
 That Jew, the earliest of his name,
 He that was restive, and turn'd tail,
 And went to prison for't i'th' whale,
 That sulky, savage prophecy,
 (But Heav'n, thank Heav'n, made him a liar)
 Cry'd, " Nineveh shall be destroy'd :"
 And, at that prospect overjoy'd,
 Stood by, without remorse or pity,
 To view the ruin of that city ;
 Hoping to see a pretty trick shewn,
 In the event of his prediction.

* In the present form your Commonwealth can hardly remain ;
 but before its final settlement it may be obliged to pass, as one of
 our poets says, " through great varieties of untried being," and in
 all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and blood.

† My own opinions come from one, who snatches from his share
 in the endeavours which are used by good men to discredit opulent
 oppression, the hours he has employed on your affairs.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following poem, though not directly bearing the name of its noble author, contains intrinsic evidence of its origin, by personal and local allusions, that cannot leave a doubt of who the writer really is: yet we forbear to name him; as, either from mistaken delicacy, or a certain ungenerous apprehension of its being a degradation for a man of high rank to be classed with authors, the present work has never been expressly avowed. The *Surrys*, the *Lansdowns*, the *Dorsets* of other days felt differently. Lord *Bolingbroke* and Lord *Hallifax* were prouder of their literary honours, than of all the splendours of Peerage. They knew that the Coronet is most conspicuous, when graced with the laurel of Genius; but how few of our noblemen condescend to be poets, or, at least, to own themselves such, in the present times! Whatever be the motive for this suppression or concealment, the effect is equally injurious to themselves and the public: for thus all the democratic cant of the hereditary dulness of the Peers is abetted by themselves, and, therefore, it doubly behoves every real friend to the cause of literature, to be as actively the preserver of the works of our living *noble authors*, as the present Lord Orford has been of those of former days. The poem that has led to these reflections, shall not trust to the possible existence of

future virtû, to be scowered from the rust of age by the labours of the antiquary. A correct copy of it shall be recorded here, to transmit to posterity the classic ease, the polished festivity, the dignified relaxation of its author, with unabated celebrity.—A very few words more as to the nature and stile of this poem. The journey of Horace to Brundisium is evidently the model which the noble writer had most immediately in contemplation : that admirable satire is a finished example of beautiful narrative. The Roman poet describes the *minutiæ*, not the magnificence of his subject. The frogs, the gnats, the cheating vintners, and lazy watermen, are immortalized by the ancient Latinist—*Plotius*, *Varius*, and *Virgil*, are but collaterally mentioned. Exactly on the same principle, our modern traveller expatiates on the “*chirping reveillée*” of the hedge sparrows, and the *stertit supinas* of his “hog valet.”—The “*cray-fish of Rickmansworth*” are as humble subjects as Horace’s “*ranæ palustres*.” The *proxima compagno ponti villula*, is obviously *De-Mazy’s at Hartford Bridge*. In a word, the analogy is perfect ; for after fairly considering *who* it was that went to Brundisium, and then described the journey ; *who* was the patron, and *who* was the poet : say, ye critics, what bard could so beautifully modernise *Horace* and *Mæcenas*, at *Brundisium*, as the noble author of THE EXCURSION TO WEYMOUTH ?

EXCUR-

EXCURSION

TO

WEYMOUTH.

SINCE it is your pleasure that I should write
 In such a way as gives delight,
 I will immediately begin,
 And boldly dash through thick and thin.
 Lest that my servants should not wake,
 I frequently my slumbers break,
 And strike my watch at every hour,
 From twelve o'clock till nearly four :
 At just three minutes after five,
 When none but reapers are alive ;
 Into my carriage I ascend,
 And strait my steps to Weymouth bend.
 The sun was up, the morning gay,
 The birds were chirping *reveillée* ;
 The wind was down, the sky serene,
 All add a lustre to the scene—
 My valet too, a happy dog,
 Slept in the corner, like a hog,
 And only started, when the lace
 Of a new jacket scratch'd his face.
 While he did thus employ his time,
 I dedicated mine to rhyme ;

With a kind view to banish care
From all that's elegant and fair.—

From Hatfield to Watford I've nothing to say,
The villas their beauties are known to display;
And Rickmansworth, Uxbridge, I make not a doubt,
Have long made a boast of their cray-fish and trout.
You know Mr. Waller, he lives at the Swan;
A bowing, obliging, diminutive man:
“Your servant, your Lordship” comes forth from his
heart,
And so from his house with post-horses I start.
From Uxbridge pass slow, where old Herschel oft tries
To tell you the names of the stars in the skies.
Two miles off is Eton, a place of some fame,
Where boys more than once have been whipt to their
shame;
And near it is Windsor, Thames only between,
Adds much, 'tis allow'd, to enliven the scene;
Whose tow'rs rising high are so justly inviting,
While some are employ'd in a way as delighting.
We change at the Castle, but yet the White Hart
Good eating and drinking will often impart.
On the right out of Windsor St. Leonard's, and near
Cranbourn Lodge, Duke of Gloucester's, will shortly
appear.
From Windsor to Bagshot the soil's mostly sand,
Except for Scotch firs, it is reckon'd bad land.

Who-

Whoever thinks himself a glutton,
 Must come and feast on Bagshot mutton;
 For that, by the discerning crowd,
 Is certainly the best allow'd.
 In Patterson is this remark—
 At twenty-six is Bagshot Park;
 The late Lord Keppel's, and I say,
 You here may pass a jolly day;
 For Bagshot has been ever since
 The festive mansion of a Prince.
 On Bagshot Heath an obelisk you see,
 Much easier to be view'd than any tree.
 The hostess of the Red-Lion Inn
 Is sure the traveller to win;
 And, as she's civil and well-bred,
 She don't pretend to toss her head.
 'Twixt Bagshot and the following stage,
 A fit of absence did engage
 My running thoughts, and gain'd by sleep,
 Into myself I took a peep;
 'Twas well I did, for I declare
 The land in parts was much too bare;
 And such a strait and level road
 Is apt the eye, at length, to goad.
 Hartford Bridge, kept by one Demaze,
 Where horses are turn'd out to graze,
 When wanted not for posting, then
 They are fresh and fit to run again.

'Twixt Hartford Bridge and Basingstoke,
 (I give you nought by way of joke)
 I think the harvest does appear
 More backward than in Hertfordshire.
 At Hackwood, Duke of Bolton's feat,
 The lodge is old, and scarcely neat;
 It is surrounded by a wood,
 But nothing's said about a flood;
 And on the road, I needs must own,
 An hill you'll find, which, pray, drag down.
 At Basingstoke, the Crown's the sign,
 Where you your grief may drown in wine.
 'Tis here you'll find, what gives delight,
 The horses sleek, the harness tight—
 From Basingstoke to Overton
 The post is very quickly gone;
 The horses of an active sort—
 The road is good—the stage is short;
 But yet the men are rather flat,
 In visage stern—in figure squat:
 The country too, as is related,
 Is certainly more cultivated,
 Looks richer, and they do display
 Some stacks of wheat, and ricks of hay.
 At Overton, the New Inn takes the start,
 Of one that is before it, the White Hart.
 At LVIII. as I could trace,
 The Earl of Portsmouth has a place;

Exten-

Extensive park with shady trees,
 Where people ride whene'er they please;
 'Twixt, Overton and Andover
 Are many stacks of good clover—
 The prospect too, it is confess'd,
 Appears to be by much the best.
 At Overton the White-Hart Inn—
 From thence to Sal'sbury we spin.—
 White Hart again I stop to dine,
 On mutton chops and tavern wine;
 And when I'd eat a currant tart,
 I instantly from thence depart.
 O how the landlord talk'd away!
 He'll do the same too, ev'ry day;
 He told me every sort of thing,
 About the Queen as well as King—
 Their Majesties could not get out,
 The people press'd so much about;
 And one and all with truth allow'd,
 They'd never seen so great a crowd.
 He works the mail coach up and down
 From Weymouth and at Sal'sb'ry town;
 He might, or not, believe my tale—
 I travel'd faster than the mail;
 From five in the morn to four at noon
 I went one hundred miles as soon.
 At Woodyet's inn is the next stage;
 It has no rival, I engage;

It stands alone—at Blandford then
 The Crown we see, but don't complain,
 And all the way along the road
 We scarcely see one blest abode ;
 Passing thro' Blandford I could trace,
 It was a narrow dirty place.
 From thence to Dorchester we came,
 Which to an Earl has giv'n a name ;
 About it more I nothing know,
 It may be high, it may be low ;
 But I must make this one remark,
 The day was growing nearly dark,
 So I could not distinguish well
 In what it did the most excel :
 But with the least fatigue I reach,
 At half past ten, the Weymouth beach :
 And all who've seen me, ope their eyes,
 And hear my tale with some surprize.
 My servants too, they heard me say,
 Had constantly rode through the day,
 And neither did the least express
 That he was sorry more or less ;
 For so much riding I contend,
 They're glad to find their journey's end,
 As well as those who, without hesitation,
 Have forc'd me now to copy this narration.

RETURN FROM WEYMOUTH.

WEYMOU'TH, I think, of nought can boast,
 But a fine sand and bathing coast,
 The environs that share the breeze,
 Are totally devoid of trees ;
 No manufacture here you'll find,
 But some to smuggling are inclin'd ;
 And * Delamot imports from town
 All that will suit the fair and brown ;
 So with a broad fantastic grin,
 Takes King, Queen, and Princesses in ;
 Of curiosities, no trace
 Is to be met with in this place ;
 The Portland mutton and the fish
 Afford to all each day their dish ;
 The lobsters here, tho' very small,
 Are good, and bought at market stall ;
 The rides are few, and wondrous steep,
 Which often puts me near a sleep ;
 And some prefer the briny sand,
 Because its cooler than the land.
 Sometimes the King will get a dip—
 Sometimes their Majesties a trip

* Toyman.

In the Southampton frigate take,
 E'en tho' the seas in waves shou'd break,
 A group of royalty's each night display'd,
 On what they are pleas'd to call the Esplanade.
 In wat'ring places all agree,
 The world must ever idle be—
 It is the nature of the beast,
 One must do like the rest at least.
 On Thursday morn, precise at eight,
 Their Majesties left Weymouth; strait
 Their steps to Exeter they'll bend,
 Happy to reach their journey's end.
 And I, though trumpets won't proclaim,
 Must then return from whence I came.
 I made a vow, and am inclin'd
 Some new and pleasant road to find;
 Or else, indeed, 'twou'd not be well,
 And I should nothing have to tell.
 Not being over much distress'd for time,
 My friends shall have my narrative in rhyme.
 And so attention lend! thro' heavy gravel,
 The road to Lulworth Castle I unravel:
 A steep ascent, romantic scene—
 Corn on one side, and pasture green
 On t' other, oft engage the view,
 For trees in number are but few;
 O'er many a rugged hill we mount,
 Which goes into the day's account;

From

From time to time we view the sea;
 We catch an hedge, and then a tree;
 And in the narrow lane we meet
 With waggon loads of furze and peat.
 Full fifteen miles from Weymouth beach,
 Behold, we Lulworth Castle reach!
 Two lodges, first, which stand alone,
 And neatly built of Portland stone,
 Present themselves; and, where we're told,
 Long live the King, is wrote in gold.
 Their Majesties went there one day,
 When Weld endeavour'd to display
 His loyalty and joy sincere,
 That the King should so well appear;
 And I may venture to relate,
 The way he took to celebrate
 This joyful and this great event:
 To please them was his sole intent—
 Some days before it was his plan,
 To purchase plate, quite spick and span;
 And on it were these words express'd,
 'Long live the King,' with T. Weld's crest.
 It gave their Majesties much pleasure,
 To be eye-witness of this measure.—
 I crave your pardon for this small digression,
 The fact was fresh, so made the more impression.

But

But to return—I from the chaise got out,
 And in the hall am met by * *Round about*;
 Who, fat and foggy, puffs away,
 On the pictures does display
 Her knowledge, which to me, I own,
 Was algebra—and † matick's grown;
 The portraits then of Mr. Weld
 I with rapidity beheld;
 And traversed over in a trice
 The rooms, that look'd so clean and nice;
 Fatty threw open every door,
 Upon the ground and the first floor;
 And after greazing, thought it meet,
 To ask me if I chose to eat:
 Her offer I declin'd, and then
 Into the carriage mount again;
 Proceed to Wareham, where I find
 Some fresher cattle to my mind;
 Who waft me on o'er hill and dale
 To Poole, where hunger did prevail;
 Into the Antelope I pop,
 I eat my fowl, and mutton chop;
 And as it is a seaport town,
 Oh! how the fish goes glibly down!

* The fattest housekeeper ever seen.

† Mathematics—the Elision is new and pleasing.

From Poole to Ringwood, barren foil,
 Not worth man's labour, nor his toil;
 And though the foil is bad, we travel fast,
 Because it beats some stages that are past.
 Here the White Hart presents itself, when lo!
 The horses ready, we to Lyndhurst go;
 And if I've luck, at Winchester to-night
 I'll sleep, as much as causes me delight.
 Over the forest many a mile,
 We thus our weary steps beguile.
 Arrive at Lyndhurst, horses five,
 No more at home, as I am alive;
 And think how much the people stare,
 To see me travel with a pair?
 They called the lad, my Lord, indeed!
 But Lord or not, did not succeed
 With me; for as he drove ill,
 I paid him less than any still.
 Onward we go, reach Rumsey about nine,
 And so to Winchester proceed in time
 With greater haste, when at the George descend,
 And think with joy the first day's at an end.
 Though difficulties did arise
 At Winchester, I clos'd my eyes,
 And though the country is replete
 With many a fine and rural seat,
 Yet, travelling long after dark,
 I could not make the least remark;

And

And so, whatever is the state,
 Must leave to others to relate.
 When breakfast done, I start again,
 And take the road to Popham Lane.
 The Wheatsheaf there presents its arms,
 Provided with a thousand charms
 For travellers who pass that way,
 Whether by night, or in the day;
 And where the King, on fleetest nag,
 Often pursues the eager stag.
 From Winchester the horses were
 More fit to draw the worthy Mayor,
 Than travel on the road, as they
 Won't neither whip nor spur obey;
 And if they could but walk or snort,
 They'd take his worship into court.
 Whether it is spite or not they mean,
 From Popham Lane to Murrel Green,
 They strive to carry you, unless
 You boldly should yourself express.
 On some sign-post at Basingstoke,
 You'll find these words by way of joke:
 " My worthy friends, as you pass by,
 " Here's amber ale, if you are dry."
 And farther on was something more,
 Which I had not time to explore.
 From Bagshot to the Bush at Staines,
 The man with ease his cash obtains.

The stage is short, the road is good,
 And never injur'd by a flood.
 From hence it was that Sumner tried his head,
 If it was proof 'gainst Hervey Aston's lead.
 O'er Hounslow Heath, a barren foil,
 No shade, but one continued broil,
 Affords the traveller no place,
 Whether to wipe or not his face;
 But forces him into the town
 E'er he can wash the gravel down.
 From Bush at Staines, to Hounslow strait,
 Four horses galloped such a rate,
 I waved my hands, lads went their way,
 And all my mandates disobey.
 The inn I use in Hounslow town
 Is on the left, the Rose and Crown;
 From thence to London nought I tell,
 Because the road is known so well;
 There I expressly stop to dine,
 To eat my chop, and drink my wine.
 At six o'clock, I skim the field,
 Where Tring's great skill made *Cobler yield;
 For they, indeed, went out for fighting,
 A frolick not the least inviting:
 But Tring was conqueror; so he
 Was borne in triumph, all agree,

* Cobler, a boxer.

And

And as they travell'd homeward, fast,
 Said Tring had nail'd him to the last.
 Coaches and chaises—carts and asses,
 O'er Finchley Common how one passes,
 And 'twas, indeed, by all allow'd,
 They'd feldom seen so great a crowd.
 Much paper has been wasted in rehearsing
 My trip: I found the Marchioness conversing,
 And in good spirits; but she said,
 She had not yet much strength display'd.—

From Hatfield I took you, to Weymouth I went,
 To please the dear creatures I wholly was bent;
 Should I prove that I wish it may be in the end
 Not unentertaining, attention pray lend;
 Devoted they'll find me, and truth 'twill appear,
 That they in their friendship are not less sincere.

The following Scale of *modern beauty* and *modern talent*, is
 an excellent auxiliary to correct judgement.—It was
 the celebrated *Akenside* that invented, on the subject of
 poetry, this concise mode of comparative estimates.—
 To appreciate the diversities of merit, and balance the
 proportions of competition, is no slight essay of critical
 powers,

SCALE

SCALE OF MODERN BEAUTY.

THE POINT OF PERFECTION BEING 20.

	<i>Form</i>	<i>Elegance</i>	<i>Grace</i>	<i>Feature</i>	<i>Complexion</i>	<i>Countenance</i>	<i>Softness</i>	<i>Expression</i>	<i>Loveliness</i>
Princess Mary	15	16	19	16	18	14	18	16	20
Duchess of Devonshire	16	17	18	14	15	20	17	16	18
Duchess of Rutland	17	18	12	19	14	16	14	14	18
Duchess of Montrose	16	15	15	12	14	18	18	14	16
Lady Stormont	12	14	13	17	10	16	14	17	15
Lady Ann Fitzroy	17	17	16	17	15	16	17	18	17
Lady Elizabeth Loftus	11	16	14	11	10	14	16	14	16
Lady Carolina Campbell	18	16	16	17	19	18	18	12	20
Lady Elizabeth Lambert	15	14	15	18	20	14	17	18	17
Lady Algill	14	14	12	18	15	14	12	13	18
Lady Anne Lambton	15	14	16	13	11	10	16	12	20
Lady William Ruffel	14	16	15	12	16	14	15	14	17
Lady Erskine St. Clair	18	17	16	15	16	18	14	13	17
Lady Webster	16	16	12	12	17	18	14	18	14
Mrs. Stanhope	16	15	16	17	18	14	17	14	16
Mrs. Tickell	17	16	18	20	16	20	18	19	20
Mrs. Law	18	16	14	20	15	14	14	17	18
Mrs. Watfon	16	13	12	16	12	14	13	14	14
Miss Byng	14	13	12	15	18	16	13	16	18
Miss Ogilvie	17	16	17	14	12	15	14	18	16
Pamela	16	18	18	16	14	18	18	18	20

SCALE

SCALE OF MODERN TALENTS

For 1792.

TWENTY BEING THE POINT OF PERFECTION.

	Genius	Fancy	Humour	Learning	Originality	Expression	Taste
Fox - - -	18	14	13	16	14	18	10
Thurlow - - -	5	1	7	16	3	16	0
Burke - - -	17	19	13	20	17	19	2
Gibbon - - -	2	7	0	18	7	18	3
Sheridan - - -	18	20	18	9	15	16	10
Cowper - - -	16	19	11	10	15	14	10
Erskine - - -	10	10	10	9	5	15	3
Fitzpatrick - - -	11	14	16	0	10	6	12
Parr - - -	1	3	2	20	4	15	2
Pitt - - -	10	0	3	9	2	15	1
Murphey - - -	0	7	13	11	0	6	4
Bishop of Landaff - - -	6	2	0	17	7	10	3
Tickell - - -	15	18	14	14	16	16	14
Burgoyne - - -	8	10	10	10	6	11	8
Mason - - -	12	17	11	13	10	14	8
Cumberland - - -	5	1	10	7	4	8	2
Jephson - - -	9	7	2	5	10	8	4
Burne (the Scotch plough-boy) }	19	18	9	0	19	12	7
Wyndham - - -	11	9	7	17	8	14	8
Richardson - - -	13	16	16	10	11	14	13
Horace Walpole - - -	11	12	2	15	9	11	8
Coleman, jun. - - -	13	9	10	3	10	9	4

DIARY

DIARY
OF
DUB DODDINGTON.

APPENDIX TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

.....THE negotiation was carried on with great heat. Mr. Pitt insisted on restoring the Cabinet to the absolute *status quo*, and for this purpose he nominated Mr. Dundas, commonly called *Harry the Ninth*, as successor to the Duke of Leeds.

The **** refused to treat on the basis of the absolute *status quo*; and he considered Mr. Pitt's intermeddling with his undoubted right, as highly insolent and presumptuous. And besides, the very pretext was false—for so far from preserving the balance of the Cabinet, his proposition gave an overbearing preponderance to the one scale.

But as he was a friend to peace, he had no objection to the limited *status quo*; and for this purpose, he suggested the propriety of appointing Lord Hawkesbury to succeed the noble Duke—and Mr. Pitt should nominate the successor to Earl Camden. Perhaps the Duke of Grafton might be proper, provided he would give up all at-

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tempts

tempts to reform the church. Perhaps, if Lord Hawkesbury was objected to, Lord Auckland might do, if sent into the House of Peers. Perhaps, to reduce the vacant seat to a sterile waste, the Duke of Montrose might be preferred; and even to him he had no objection, provided Lord Hawkesbury was also accepted.

In this way the armed negotiation went on for some days, during which time the number of messengers, with the quantity of *ultima* which passed between the parties, exceeds all precedent, except in the memorable interregnum in 1782-3. There was in all this, a marked coincidence between the negotiation for the peace of the Cabinet, and the peace of Europe, which then agitated the nation. A miserable fortress, called Oczakow, was the pretended bone of contention; while, in truth, it was the possession of Dantzick and Thorne, which opened an avenue to traffic, that was the true source of the dispute. So while it was the pretended plea of Mr. Pitt, that he would not admit Lord Hawkesbury into the Cabinet on constitutional motives, the real spring of his conduct was a dread that he would not manœuvre him in his own sinister way; and that he should be treated, as he and his political tutor had treated the honourable party by whom they were first elevated in power.

A compromise at length took place. The D. of G. who had been long negotiating for the Duchy of Lancaster,

was

was appointed to succeed Earl Camden as President ; and Lord St. Helen's, to succeed the D. of L. as foreign Secretary. To this, both parties had their distinct motives—Mr. Pitt thought that the D. of G. would be firm with him, on account of his secret indignation at former treatment—and the **** knew, that no motive under Heaven could give steadiness to a mind so flexible as his. To Lord St. Helen's, the reason of Mr. Pitt's preference was more curious—he had been educated in constitutional habits ; and of the two parties, he thought, with his usual confidence, that he was the less crooked and insincere.

AN EPITAPH,

TO THE MEMORY OF HUGH KELLY.

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

PAUSE, gentle passenger, *a Word to th' Wife ! **
 Life's but *an Hour's Romance*—here genius lies !
 He thriv'd, as every *Man of Reason* thrives,
 And left a *Wife*—a very *School for Wives*.
 He without trite *False Delicacy* shone,
 And dar'd to write ; nay, to defend the Throne.

* Alluding to his different dramatic compositions.

The Muses found him meek, untaught, and mild,
 Confirm'd their choice, and nurs'd the favourite child.
Ease and good-nature were his social friends;
 With all this worth—here human glory ends!

LINES

*Written on a pedestal which supported the statue of MINERVA
 (in a Gentleman's garden at Parson's Green) by a Lady
 who had decorated it with flowers on the day appointed
 for returning God thanks for the peace made by Lord
 S——D.*

WHILE venal senates, sacred rights prophane,
 And in God's temple praise th' ambitious Thane * ;
 While † fainted roof corruption's ensign waves,
 And fast and pray'r, but marks out fools and knaves,
 While their pure worship shall at court find grace,
 The fool a peerage, and the knave a place ;
 Ah ! turn my Muse from all the selfish train ;
 From all the dull, the venal, and the vain ;
 O come ! O smile ! whilst I a wreath entwine,
 And fondly dedicate to Fox this shrine,

* Meant not of Lord B. but his representative.

† The flag on St. Margaret's church, which invites the pious of
 St. Stephen's, to attend prayers there, or in the House of Peers.

At

At cheerful morn—bright noon—or pensive eve,
Thou, patriot, *thou*—shalt here my vows receive ;
Here the first tribute of the spring shall bloom,
And *here* thy genius cheer stern winter's gloom :
What tho' these roses seek their native earth,
(Emblems of envy pining at thy worth)
What tho' these jasmynes, fair and frail, shall fade,
And cutting winds destroy the lime's gay shade ;
Thy virtues still these laurels shall proclaim,
In verdure bright, and lasting as thy fame.
Nor thou, fair goddess, blame the fond design,
For all shall own—*his* praise, *his* honour's *thine*.

AN ODE

TO EIGHT CATS BELONGING TO ISRAEL MENDEZ,
A JEW.

SCENE, *the Street.*

The TIME, Midnight—the Poet at his Chamber Window.

SINGERS of Israel, oh ye fingers sweet !

Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear.

Lo ! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks ;

Your friskings, crawlings, squawls, I much approve :

Your spittings, pawings, high-rai'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and Merry-Andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How sweetly roll your goosb'rry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
And, loving, scratch each other black and blue !
No boys, in wantonnefs, now bang your backs ;
No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,
But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord ;
You call the matrimonial service cant—
Like our first parents take each other's word :
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix—
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas !
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, or ladle ;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass ;
Nor nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
Which custom, for our Christian babes, enjoins,
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers you have need,
Ye males, before you seek your bed,
To settle pin-money on Madam :

No

No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n blefs ye,
 Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
 Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,
 No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,
 No night-caps snug—no trouble in undressing,
 Before you seek your strawy nest,
 Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
 To feast on love, Heav'n's greatest blessing.

Good gods! ye sweet love-chanting rams!
 How nimble are you with your hams
 To mount a house, to scale a chimney top;
 And, peeping down the chimney's hole,
 Pour in a tuneful cry, th' empaffion'd soul,
 Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up.

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
 Answers your invitation note with joy,
 And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope;
 Lo! borne on Love's all-daring wing,
 She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
 Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
 Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!
 I do suppose you need not now be told,
 How much I wish that I was one of you.

The following SONGS sung in HARLEQUIN FORTUNATUS, are said to be written by R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

SONG, Mr. BANNISTER.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
 Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again.
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
 We think but, should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear,
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you :
 O! when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only, should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer her heart to hear
 That her own true love was one.

SONG,

SONG, Mr. VERNON.

CHEERLY my heart, of courage true,
 The hour's at hand to try your worth,
 A glorious peril waits for you,
 And valour pants to lead you forth :
 Mark where the enemy's colours fly, boys,
 There some must conquer, some must die, boys ;
 But that appals not you nor me,
 For our watch-word it shall be,
 Britain strike home ! revenge your country's wrong !

When rolling mists their march shall hide,
 At dead of night a chosen band,
 List'ning to the dashing tide,
 With silent step shall print the sand.
 Then where the Spanish colours fly, boys ;
 We'll scale the walls, or bravely die, boys :
 For we are Britons bold and free,
 And our watch-word it shall be,
 Britain strike home ! &c.

The cruel Spaniard then too late,
 Disarm'd, shall mourn the avenging blow,
 Yet vanquish'd meet the milder fate,
 Which mercy grants a fallen foe.

Thus shall the British banners fly, boys,
On yon proud turrets rais'd on high, boys,
And while the gallant flag we see,
We'll swear the watch-word still shall be,
Britain strike home! &c.

To MAJOR CAULFIELD,

ON SEEING HIM WITH HIS PARTY MAKING THE
ROADS OF COMMUNICATION, IN THE HIGHLANDS
OF SCOTLAND.

BY W. S. OF CORIARIG, JUNE 1731.

WHY so much labour and expence, I wonder,
To move such stones and blow such rocks asunder?
You that have drank, Sir, at the Muse's fountain,
Though you want faith, with ease may move a mountain.
Sweet as Amphion, Orpheus, or Apollo,
March on and sing—the rocks will dance and follow.

EXTEMPORE,

ON LADY BUCKINGHAM'S SITTING IN THE YACHT'S
BOAT IN THE BEECH OF THE RIVER DEE.

BY SIR ALEXANDER SCHOMBERG.

OF his Queen and her barge let Mark Antony boast,
This boat shall be sacred to me;
Such radiance bright Caroline sheds on this coast,
That Cydnus must yield to the Dee.

TO MONS. ROUSSEAU, ON HIS BOOK AGAINST THE
STAGE.

BY RICHARD BERENGER, ESQ.

KNOW'ST thou no actors crown'd with just applause,
Whose worth could speak and vindicate their cause;
Blameless their manners, as their genius bright,
While each on each reflects a fairer light:
That thus indignant flames thy cynic rage,
And all thy thunder menaces the STAGE?
O would thy fortune more propitious smile,
And give thee, Rousseau, in our Britain's isle,
To see her Garrick grace the swelling scene,
Charm'd thou wouldst sit and hear away thy spleen;
Blest with each talent that the *wife* admire,
Blest with each virtue that the *good* require.
His pow'rs would strike thee wonder-wounded mute,
And all thy calumny his *life* confute;
No more against his art thy zeal would glow,
But thou return a friend, who cam'st a foe.

A full and true Account of the dreadful and melancholy EARTHQUAKE, which happened between twelve and one o'clock in the Morning, on Thursday the 5th of April, 1750, with an exact List of such Persons as have hitherto been found in the Rubbish. In a Letter from a Gentleman in Town, to his Friend in the Country.*

SIR,

IN obedience to the commands you left me, when you went out of town; that if any thing should happen on April the 5th, as you fully expected, and, as the event has proved, with too much reason, I should write you an account of it; I have made it my business to learn as many particulars attending this dreadful catastrophe, as the shortness of the time, and the confusion we are all in, would admit of. I believe I need not trouble you with an account of the general effects of this calamity, which, no doubt, you will receive from other hands; I shall only pick out such circumstances as I think likely to escape others, who may not have had an opportunity of making so nice an inquiry as myself.

* This and the following *Jeu d'Esprit* were published immediately after the false alarm of the earthquake, by the Life-guardman in 1750. They were at the time of their publication generally ascribed to Paul Whitehead, Esq.

I shall

I shall begin, therefore, by telling you, that the alarm the town had been in ever since the first and second shock, was considerably increased on the first Sunday of the present month, by its being observed, that several officers had received the sacrament that day; and though it was afterwards affirmed, and the town was pretty well convinced, it was in order only to qualify themselves upon the last promotion, yet such is the effect of fear, that its first impressions could never be rightly got over.

I take for granted, you know the time the late shock began at, and how long it lasted, therefore shall omit the relation of it.

The very first man that was sunk in the earthquake was the Bishop of London: it seems he might have escaped, but his zeal was so great in distributing copies of his letter, which, good man, as the time drew near, he gave away in bundles, thirteen to the dozen, to any body that would accept of them, that he took no manner of heed to his steps, and so entirely lost himself.

The Duke of Newcastle was the next that was overwhelmed: the place he was lost in is easily known by the number of papers, and quantities of red tape, that are still scattered about it. He appears to have been very busy in digging under ground, as much as he could,

could, but to have been able to make but little way. Mr. Stone had but just time to wrap himself up in his calico night-gown, but having entirely forget the steps he went up, was obliged to remain where he was : as it is a very high place, many are impatient to see him come down.

I know you will be sorry for poor L—y C—— and Mr. P—— ; they were found buried under vast heaps of dirt, which, by the posture they are yet in, they seem rather to have drawn towards themselves, than to have shov'd from them as they ought.

As to my Lord Chesterfield, there is no getting at him yet, the weight of other people's houses that have fallen upon him being immense ; however, it is hoped, it may be removed in time. One of his sons was swallowed up in the Duchefs of Kendal's house in St. James's Square ; but they are not yet able to find in which part of it he is.

It is reported the confusion was very great in Bloomsbury Square ; however, Mr. Butcher was directed to answer, in his own name, all the letters received from foreign princes, by the last mail ; though it is said, on the other hand, that so far from any appearance of fear there, the company stuck to the pharaoh-table, during
the

the whole time, with a constancy quite heroic; only, indeed, that night, they played ready money.

Little Miss Ash is about town again as much as ever; though what hole she went in at, and came out of, nobody knows.

A certain pretty Lady you know, remarkable for her zeal last Westminster election, was taken near the Hustings, Covent Garden: she attempted to cry out, as she went down, *Oh, my country!* but her mouth was stopped before she could pronounce the whole sentence. Several ladies that had been playing at brag, were found with the naturals in their hands.

Some people were so lucky as to find a way underground, from the city, and rose directly in the House of Lords, where they seemed to like this change better than their old one.

Lady Vane, who did not lie at home that night, knew nothing of the matter till she got up: she says, she felt a great shaking, but did not take it to be an earthquake.

Lady Anson was a good deal frightened, but not hurt, by the fall of the tester of her bed; it seems the upholsterers had forgotten to fasten it, but by a very slight pack-thread,

thread, so that the least motion it had been put in must have brought it down long ago.

The goodness of the present glorious Ministry upon this occasion can never be sufficiently commemorated: they were all the time picking all sorts of people out of the dirt, and leading them into the Court at St. James's; for which use they had forcibly set open the great gates, in spite of those within, who designed to have kept the place clear for persons of figure; though some people have the ill nature to ascribe to the hurry of fear, that the day before this accident a very great man disposed of a place of 500*l.* per annum, in favour of a gentleman of great worth, and greatly recommended, even though his own footman had asked it.

The free independent electors met extraordinary that night, to drink success to earthquake the third; when Sir George Vandeput assured the company, that he would to the utmost of his power, and as far as in him lay, promote any future earthquake, which he looked upon to be the natural constitution of the land, and the only means of settling things, and produced a letter from Admiral Vernon, which assured them of the same on his part.

Mr. Whiston, the astronomer, on the first beginning of the trembling, set out on foot for Dover, on his way
to

to Jerusalem, where he has made an appointment to meet the Millennium: it is thought, if he makes tolerable haste, he will arrive there first.

I have been told, but I won't answer for the truth of it, that Sir John Barnard has proposed to the Parliament, a tax upon fear and folly, to be levied on those that have transported themselves out of the reach of an earthquake.

The Prince of Wales behaved, upon this occasion, with that humanity and generosity which constantly attend on all his actions; the first of which distinguishes him as much from the rest of princes, as the latter does from the rest of men: he was seen to weep during the whole time of the confusion, though he could help but little, otherwise than by constantly warning those he saw in danger, *There's a hole, you'll tumble into it! That house will fall upon your head!* But, by a strange stupidity, people kept pressing on, in the same direction they set out, till they all sunk together.

This, Sir, is all I have hitherto been able to pick up, of what has happened in this horrible subversion of things. I don't doubt but a little more time will furnish materials for many more, and much longer letters of the same sort; as every moment, the more rubbish is removed,

moved, and the deeper they go into it, the more persons of distinction are found at the bottom of it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

P. D.

*London,
April the 5th.*

A second Letter from a Gentleman in Town, to his Friend in the Country, on Account of the late dreadful Earthquake; containing a List of several more Persons that have been since found in the Rubbish.

SIR,

AS your last letter shews you more desirous of knowing the calamities and behaviour of this wicked town upon the late earthquake, I shall furnish you with as many particulars as I can.

All sorts of people are still very hard at work in digging away the rubbish, and saving the lives of their fellow creatures, though we are sure there are many who, though not as yet quite dug out, are in no danger of dying, for the workmen have got near enough to overhear some of their conversation.

By

By the load of ruins that incumbered it, it was soon discovered where White's chocolate house was swallowed up: it was got very low, but as a great number of persons of the first rank were known to be in it that night, their tradesmen have been very assiduous in coming at them, and after having gone through much dirt, are near enough to hear their talk: it seems the bets run very high, as to whose creditors will lay hold of him first.

Mr. Taafe offered an even wager that they were all going to hell, but no one would take it up; since which, by giving great odds, he has induced several unwary persons to bet with him: as the workmen are now heard over their heads, he wants to hedge off; but they being resolved to take in the knowing one, he will be obliged to stand to his betts, so that it is apprehended, unless he goes to hell, he must be ruin'd.

The town received some comfort upon hearing that the inns of court were all sunk, and several orders were given that no one should assist in bringing any one lawyer above ground; but to the great concern of all well-wishers to their country, they began to swarm as usual—and upon inquiry, it seems, they have found holes to creep out at.

People

People make their way with great ease every day out of the Cocoa-tree, it being a rule there never to stay for their friends: the reason, I am told, is, the earth is not quite closed again at that place; but there is still a kind of chasm near four feet and a half-wide, through which several persons daily climb up into the world again without help or difficulty. Last night advice came by one of the ascendants that he saw poor Sir John Hynde Cotton wedged in between the two sides in such a manner, that it entirely hindered them from joining, though he himself could not stir, or had the least hopes of rising: he is at present alive, though somewhat wasted for want of sustenance, but resolutely declares he is willing to stand in any gap to save his friends.

The High Bailiff and several of the Duke of Bedford's friends are clearing away much dirt to come at Lord Trentham in order to return him. This is complained of by Sir George Vandeput's committee, and they immediately dispatched a messenger to Counsellor Crowl, to argue against this partiality, but the Counsellor was gone into the city to make inquiry after Mr. Webb, lest, as he said, that scoundrel should have taken advantage of the earthquake to avoid the intended duel, but solemnly avers if the rascal is above ground he will cut his throat.

Yester-

Yesterday the Speaker of the House of Commons was dug out with the mace in his hands. It seems though he did not absolutely believe the life-guard-man, yet upon consulting with some of the old members, he came to a resolution of being prepared for the shock, and of receiving it with that dignity which became his office; he therefore went out of his house attended by his proper officers (except the chaplain, who had made the best of his way into the country), and went down with great solemnity; but the earth closing too soon, lopp'd off his train and train-bearer, which put the cavalcade into some confusion. Soon after the earth closed, that upright man, Mr. ———, the mace-bearer, died of the fright; but the Speaker secured the mace for the honour of the House, and brought it up before himself.

Poor L. C——m, 'tis much feared, is quite lost; just before his exit he wished with great vehemence he had accepted L. H——y's challenge, and desired nothing better than to meet him under ground.

Sir Miles Stapleton was ill in bed, and, indeed, escap'd being swallowed up, but was very much hurt by the accident; for though he had the assistance of all his Yorkshire friends to keep him on his right side, which was prescribed him for the benefit of his constitution, and which he solemnly promised to do, he was in an instant shook over to the other; his friends, however, insist upon
it

it he was by their assistance strong enough to stand the earthquake itself, but that my Lady, for purposes best known to herself, had a hand in turning him.

The two Mr. Delavals went down in their wedding suits, lest they should never have an opportunity of wearing them again: they were more than once in very great danger, but were extricated by their friend Mr. Foote, and are again about town, clothes and all. Lady Nassau has not been seen in a public place since; whether she went under ground with her husband, and is unluckily left behind, or not, nobody knows, but, at least, 'tis hoped not, on account of her jointure; some shrewd people pretend to suspect they know by whom she is taken off.

L. L——r was one of the unfortunate persons swallowed up in White's; just before the calamity, he sent home for the key of a certain room, with a message, that in case he never came back again, the porter, at the peril of his place, should take care of his Pr——r.

Several bodies are searched for and hourly taken out of the rubbish, though known to be dead; this is carried on at the expence of the Undertakers' company, in order to encourage a decency of funerals, and to hinder people being buried in linen, contrary to the act of Parliament.

A very

A very odd dispute happened yesterday; it was discovered where a certain great man sunk down (whose estate had been settled upon himself for his life, and the reversion upon his son.) L. M——, from a compassion natural to his Lordship, and likewise because he had bought his whole estate for life, had employed several skilful men to clear away the dirt, and endeavour to save him. This was strongly opposed by an old usurer of the city, who had bought the reversion of the same estate from the son, and which would commence upon the father's death: many blows ensued, and much blood was shed; at length the noble Lord left the field, and the body was no longer sought after. It seems his Lordship, during the conflict, had sent to take opinion of counsel, who were pleased to conceive, that the title of his Lordship's antagonist could not commence till it was actually proved the tenant for life was dead, which, if matters were managed right, might be difficult to do; that being dead, and being under ground, were distinct things, and it was adviseable for his Lordship to stay till the body was actually rotten, for then nobody would swear to the identity of the person, and so, for what appeared to the court, the man might be still alive.

You will be astonished, perhaps, when I tell you several persons, who might be brought into the world again, are so infatuated as still to continue under ground: they have found the famous Dr. L——, though he
was

was got most surprisngly deep, has made really a most amazing collection of minerals and other curiosities from the earth which surrounded him, which, by their feel, he pronounces to be very useful to mankind: he begs his friends, instead of taking him up, will furnish him with a crucible and other materials for experiments, and has sent up a message to the Royal Society, that he doubts not but to produce them an infallible remedy which shall prevent earthquakes for the future.

Several old rakes and batter'd beaux refuse to come to light again, but stay below to look for their estates, which, it seems, were swallowed up long ago.

Several members having been frequently told that the third earthquake might be a dissolution, have understood it to be a dissolution of Parliament, and therefore wisely keep out of sight till they are assured their privilege continues.

At the Bedford Head a whole club was swallowed up together, and in high spirits; but as the communication to the cellar was left open, they refuse the assistance of their friends till the toast has gone quite round.

Several whist parties were dug out before the rubbers were finished, and many disputes have arose upon the occasion; at one table the dealer, on account of the sudden

sudden motion of the earthquake, turned up a card in dealing, which L—y A—— F——, having a bad hand, took advantage of, and as she went down insisted upon its being a lost deal.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that upon this melancholy occasion, the earth opened in different places, and several were lost by taking too much pains to save themselves. There was a very wide breach in the ground between St. James's and Leicester House. As the breach widened, some were so infatuated as to think one side safer than t'other, and very rashly attempted to jump over. Lord Egmont went over safe. Lord Robert Sutton, being well mounted upon a horse given him by His Majesty, took the leap with surprising agility. Sir Ch—— H—— made nothing of it. Mr. Doddington being asleep, was carried over by his friends, but when he waked, he was far from being satisfied; for though he has in his time walked backward and forward very often, he was puzzled which side to continue of. 'Tis imagined he may walk in his sleep and attempt a return, and therefore orders are given to have him watched narrowly, and the care of him given to one of the maids of honour. Poor Lord Bath did not know which way to go, or what to do; and therefore, as he has not been heard of this long time, it is very much feared he is lost. Several waited too long on one side to get cleverly, the other, and therefore went down never to rise again.

Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Pitt saw this event long ago, and knowing how crouded one side would be, were resolved to secure to themselves places on the other, which they, being both remarkably thin, happily accomplished, but not without a good deal of jostling.

You will wonder, perhaps, when I tell you I am going to speak at one and the same time of those old friends L. L——d, L. Gower, W——ll L——n, and Sir Walter Bagot; don't be surprized, 'tis only to acquaint you they were all dug out by the widows and fatherless.

Brown Willis was dug out by order of the antiquarians; what he discovered when he was below, nobody knows as yet; but certain it is, he has found out something remarkable, and is gone down again of his own accord to take a farther account of it. Had he been dead, they had given orders for his being stuffed and hung up.

Broughton the bruiser was dug out by Buckhorse and the Irish boy, at the request of several persons of quality, who had laid great odds on his head against Slack for the ensuing Wednesday; he too wishes he could see his way back again, having rather be there than here; but to his great misfortune Master Slack has darken'd his day-lights.

Mr.

Mr. Sheriff Janssen prudently kept out of the way, got into the country, not from any fear of death, but because he had two engagements upon his hands of great importance, and where his presence might be requisite; the one was to attend the next jubilee ball, in favour of the black act, the other was to be present at the execution of one of his own officers, John Thrift, alias Ketch, Esq. who, 'tis imagined, will finish his well-spent life in a few days at Tyburn.

Men of all ranks made the best of their way to Hatton Garden, and, inspired with the notions of virtue and beauty, worked incessantly to come at that angel Miss ——— C ——— n. Two or three pretty men, more assiduous than the rest, seemed to express a satisfaction in finding that little Mr. B ——— r was not there to give his assistance, and made very proper reflections upon the occasion. They soon came to her father and mother, from whence it was well known the young lady could not be far off; she, indeed, was close behind, and by her father's order, had just given her hand to the aforesaid Mr. B ———, who was of the party when they went down, having spent the evening with them the night before.

We good people of London make advantages of every thing, and you little guess what great and glorious uses are made of this direful accident. If a lady has been

forced to sacrifice a diamond ear-ring to the bad run of a brag table, her husband was informed 'twas shook out of her ear by the earthquake, and lost in the rubbish. A gentleman gets a respite from his creditor, by saying his cash is sunk by the earthquake. If a nobleman can't afford the expences of London, the family are packed out of town on account of my Lady's apprehensions from the earthquake. Mr. Gideon in the city threatens his brethren with another earthquake, and calls it a proper visitation for not subscribing in their four per cents. fast enough. And the commissioners of Westminster Bridge have ordered this calamity to be entered in their books, as a glorious excuse for the next sinking pier. Numbers of people do now get their daily bread by earthquakes; the clergy preach upon them, authors scribble upon them, booksellers live upon them, Mr. King the conjuror shews them every morning upon a table, and we hear Mr. Rich will soon introduce them at his play-house by way of a pantomime. The Middlesex Justices, who have been asleep these many years, are now happily roused from their lethargy, and from a state of blindness are become so clear-sighted as to see more than any body else; they discover all sorts of wickedness and debauchery in a masquerade, which has hitherto passed quite unobserved by them, and to shew their good intentions, have laid out some shillings in advertising their advice to the youth of both sexes not to frequent them: however, lest they should too much injure their friends,

th

the proprietors of Ranelagh, they thought proper to keep their advice a secret till the day before the masquerade, that the tickets might be all disposed of, before the young people knew it would be improper to use them.

If any other people or things come to light worthy of your notice, you shall hear farther from me,

Who am, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AS the winter is approaching, your literary readers (who, I understand, are numerous) will be curious to know what Publications are ready to come forth for their amusement and information, I am happy in the opportunity of obliging them, and in consequence you, Mr. Editor, by an authentic list of this kind, to which I doubt not you will afford an insertion.

Nov. 13, 1792.

CATALOGUE OF WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND SHORTLY
TO BE PUBLISHED.

THE Literary History of the University of Oxford and Cambridge for the last thirty years. *Two pocket volumes.*

A Grammatical Dissertation on the Verb *To Reform*, shewing that it has properly no present tense. *By the Principal of Brazen-Nose Coll. Oxon.*

An additional Canto to the late King of Prussia's Poem on the Art of War, containing the Practice of Retreat-ing; with a Digression on Proclamations. *By his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick.*

Pro-

Proposals for a general Confederacy of Princes, Nobles, and Clergy, in opposition to the principles of the detestable French Revolution. Inscribed (by permission) to his Holiness the Pope, and her Imperial Majesty of Russia. *By the Right Hon. Edm. Burke.*

The Expediency of an Union between the English and Gallican Churches again considered. *By an Emigrant.*

Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.

Short Work with the Dissenters. A new edition, printed at Birmingham, with a prefatory Address to Dr. Madan and the Rev. Mr. Curtis.

Letters from a Welch Curate to the Bishop of Durham, on the subject of Equalization.

Boswell's Memorabilia; or, Conversation Anecdotes of all the distinguished Characters in Great Britain during the reign of his present Majesty. *Ten vols. quarto.*

Additions to the Life of Dr. Johnson, containing an exact Copy of his Account Book, and triennial Inventories of his Wardrobe, collated with his Taylor's, Barber's, and Laundress's Bills: together with Memoranda of Mrs. Williams and Mr. Levett. *By the same Author.*

Epitaphiologia Anglica; or, An accurate Transcript of all the Epitaphs in every consecrated Church and Chapel throughout England and Wales. No. I. 4to. to be continued monthly. *By Richard Gough, F. R. S. and F. A. S.*

Sentimental Effusions, in a Series of Eulogiac Sonnets. *By Clementina Crimp, a Billingsgate Fishwoman. Published by subscription.* To which will be added, a copious Glossary of Modern or *Billingsgate Greek.*

Stolen Sweets, a novel, in six vols. *By a Young Lady in a Boarding School, aged 16.*

THE FOLLOWING CAPITAL WORKS ARE EXPECTED
FROM EDINBURGH.

The History of the Republic of St. Marino, in three vols. 4to.

A new Theory of the Pleasures derived from the fine Arts. Two vols. 4to.

Philosophical Illustrations of the Characters in the Gentle Shepherd, 4to.

Metaphysical Inquiries into the thinking Principle of the Ourang Outang. *By Lord M—b—do.*

On the Principles of Melody in Versification; illustrated by Examples from Erse Poetry. *By Professor Mac Lachlin.*

TO THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

I.

LOVE ne'er within that heart expires;
Where once he held a favour'd seat,
And though distress may damp his fires,
His pinion fans the lurking heat!

II.

O Rutland! in thy lovely breast
The phoenix-god must reign anew;
And foster'd in that spicy nest,
Can timid doubts his pow'r subdue?

III.

His empire then no more defy,
Since destiny is fix'd above;
Nor let the minutes idly fly,
For Time has wings as well as Love!

THE FOREST POET.

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

ON READING SOME EXTRAVAGANT COMPLIMENTS
IN POETRY ON HER GRACE.

O Fiction! rich in varied flowers,
Collected in wild fairy bowers,
Does Rutland claim thy skill?
“Hep lips are roses!” and her “eyes
“The *light* refin’d by *gems*—supplies!”
“Her smile superior still!”

Ah Fiction!—take thy gifts away,
Some other beauty to array;
By Rutland ill they’re borne:—
The rainbow’s hues, however bright,
Impart no strength to day’s best light:—
—The Truth will most adorn!

HESPER.

EPIGRAM.

RETURNED WITH A MANUSCRIPT COMEDY TO THE
AUTHOR.

YOUR Comedy I’ve read—my friend,
And like the *half* you pilfer’d—best!
But sure the *Drama* you might mend—
Take courage, man—and steal the *rest*!

HESPER.

VERSES

VERSES

By GEORGE KEATE, Esq. TO CAPTAIN BLIGH,

*On reading his Narrative of the Mutiny on board the
BOUNTY; and of his Passage in an open Boat across the
PACIFIC OCEAN.*

THOSE who their dubious tract thro' Oceans urge,
And face the perils of the changeful main,
Who brave the tempest's howl and foaming surge,
(So flow'd Great Israel's harp in plaintive strain.)

Such, God of Nature! mark thy dread control,
Curbing, or letting loose, the warring wind,
In terrors bid the waves licentious roll,
Or in a calm their chrystal surface bind!—

By turns anxiety, fear, hope, dismay,
The mariner's conflicting bosom rend,
Whilst dangers black with fate obstruct his way,
And half his wonted fortitude unbend!

Yet scenes far more severe may meet his eye,
Scenes over which humanity must weep,
When Mutiny, renouncing ev'ry tie,
Makes man to man more hostile than the Deep.

With the fell spirit of the first-born wretch,
 Who 'gainst a brother rais'd his murd'rous hand,
 When Pow'r usurp'd, its rebel arm dares stretch,
 Th' unaided ruler can no more command.

Then ev'ry chain of social life is broke,
 Afloat each passion of the alien'd heart,
 E'en kindest deeds recall'd but more provoke,
 As more the traitor's pain'd by mem'ry's smart.

Say, gallant Sailor! what were thy alarms,
 When round thy bed the ruffian band appear'd!
 Guilt in each look, binding thy captiv'd arms,
 And led by *One* thy fust'ring hand had rear'd?

Then turn'd adrift upon the ruthless wave,
 Far, far remov'd from ev'ry friendly shore,
 To meet thro' ling'ring death a certain grave,
 Or combat horrors scarce conceiv'd before?

Say, how remembrance pictur'd to thy view,
 Those ties of love no distance can efface!
 How to thy agonizing fancy drew
 Thy widow'd partner, and thy helpless race!

No—shift the thought—and rather say what rays
 Of Hope shot round thee by a *Hand Divine*,
 Bid thee thy spirits 'midst the struggle raise,
 And whisper'd *preservation* might be thine!

And

And thine it *was*! beaming from thee to all
 The same bright hope their drooping strength sustain'd
 The suff'rings that oppress'd could not appal,
 And Timor's long-sought coast at last was gain'd?

With what sensations did each heart then melt!
 The *past*, as well as *present*, seem'd a dream,
 Thy mercies, PROVIDENCE! so strongly felt,
 As must to life's last moment be their theme.

No stranger thou to it—for at HIS side,
 Whose thirst for glory prob'd the Southern Pole,
 Thy youth adventur'd, each distress defy'd,
 Prov'd on his banner thy own name t'enrol.

O gallant Sailor! urge thy bold career,
 If the prophetic Muse aright foresee,
 Thro' seas untry'd thou still thy course may'st steer,
 And what *Cook* was, hereafter *Bligh* may be.

Where cannot Britain's dauntless sails extend?
 Go search out tracts and nations yet unknown;
 'Midst her proud triumphs some fresh laurels blend,
 And with thy *country's* fame augment *thine own*.

JEUX

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

LADY A*****.

SAY not that this Lady's cheek
Is less vermillion'd than the streak
That on the rose-bud glows;
Reflecting that the bloom we see
So sweetly come and go—may be
The Tincture of the Rose.

LORD D—.

He rises at noon, and he washes his head,
Eats his dinner at six, and at nine goes to bed.

LORD E*****E.

Made up of impregnated powder and clay,
And push'd, as *haste* made him, half-form'd, into day;
Nature's journeyman sure, when he made him, was drunk,
The head is so poorly *dove-tail'd* to the trunk;
Or indeed, being perch'd so awry on the shoulder,
It appears like a new one, cemented with folder.

TUES-

TUESDAY AFTER DINNER, AT BATH; OR,
PIERPOINT STREET IN AN UPROAR.

Occasioned by a late IMPROMPTU.

NOW dinner is over, and Delia with wine
Was exciting her cheeks to a flush of carmine ;
Those features and cheeks that look rather alarming
All day ; but all night are quite rosy and charming !
Yet think not 'tis "rouge," or the lady will faint,
For a bottle of *Port* is her bottle of paint.
With this *old* cosmetic the nymph was regaling,
Which added at once to her beauty and railing—
When a meek-manner'd inmate, whom virtues adorn,
Incautiously said,—“ In a paper this morn,
“ I have seen what I hear all the gentlemen swearing,
“ Is a wreath that you only are worthy of wearing.”
“ Come, Madam,” (quoth Delia,) come, none of your
“ jokes ;
“ 'Tis you who are meant, Ma'am, and not other folks :
“ 'Tis you that taint belles with the tooth of a viper,
“ From a coronet down to the cap of a piper ;
“ Who fib, rail, and nourish that stand'rous itch :
“ 'Tis you—you inveterate, ugly old witch !”
To thicken the riot arch Colin arose,
Affecting to check—while he urg'd her to blows ;

And

And meriting, met with a pond'rous flap,
 From the fingers that tore her antagonist's cap :
 Quoth he, " so precise is the bard in his sketch,
 " That none can mistake the original wretch :
 " I'm sorry the artist—this cousin of Pindar,
 " Don't see her on blaze, like a mountain of tinder—
 " She's engrav'd as exact as the *seal* of my watch—
 " True *Sulphur*, by G—, and the *Brimstone* is *Scotch* !”

IMPROMPTU,

*On an unpretty, middle-aged, malevolent FEMALE, who
 lodges, feeds, and fibs, not a thousand Miles from Pier-
 point Street, Bath.*

Qui capit facit.

Who takes it in an angry twitter,
 Points it herself, and makes it hit her.

SECURE from scandal, Delia still may rail,
 Invent the spiteful fib, the scandalous tale ;
 Paint, with the poison of a serpent's tooth,
 The fame of Beauty, and the bliss of Youth :
 Safe from retort of belles, or youth, or men,
 Safe as a bloated spider in a den—
 To rail at Delia not a tongue will stir,—
 For nought is scandal you can say of her !

ON

ON AN INFLAMMATION IN A LADY'S EYE.

STELLA's black eyes, of brightest hue,
 Where'er they turn'd admirers drew ;
 Not powerful less than Cupid's darts,
 Her every glance pierc'd lovers' hearts ;
 The only safety was to fly 'em ;
 For all were ruin'd who came nigh 'em.
 Those whom her eyes had wretched made
 At last applied to Jove for aid :
 " Oh Jove, in mercy to mankind,
 " Make Stella, fatal charmer, blind !"
 " To make her blind," says he " were hard,
 " But be her eyes of power debarr'd,
 " And let them feel in turn the fire,
 " With which they every breast inspire."
 But Cupid made no heart a prize,
 Depriv'd of aid from Stella's eyes,
 And pray'd to Jupiter once more,
 Their former brightness to restore,

STANZAS

TO A LADY.

“**YOU** play the fool” my Delia cries,—
 Too well the charge I prove;
 To look on you, and to be wise,
 Were sacrilege to love.

Then cease, my fair, by wisdom’s rules
 To check a lover’s fire;
 Ah, rather chuse the bliss of fools,
 And share what you inspire.

And what is wisdom but a name,
 A phantom at the best,
 How dearly purchas’d all its fame,
 If we must live unblest?

Let envious worldlings blame our joy,
 In them the folly lies;
 Let us in love/our hours employ,
 The truly blest are wise.

TO A LADY WITH A FLOWER.

COULD a fond Lover’s wish command his doom,
 To be that envy’d flower I should desire;
 How pleas’d on Delia’s breast I then should bloom,
 And, ah more blest’d, on Delia’s breast expire!

TO THE AUTHOR OF A DULL EPIGRAM.

YOUR Epigram, my friend, is out of joint.
What wants it, pray? Why, faith, it wants a point.

THE BARD.

I.

THOUGH humble, yet not mean, my lays
Ne'er stoop to false or venal praise,
To wealth unknown, I wealth disdain,
And give to worth my artless strain:
I sing the man, who's doom'd to stray
Unmark'd in life's sequester'd way,
Yet far above the vulgar throng
Inspir'd with love of arts, and pow'rs of sacred song.

II.

His birth obscure, no pomp of race,
No wealth, nor splendid hopes shall grace,
He'll spurn the infant's glitt'ring toys,
And shun the sports of childish noise;
But court alone the muse's smile,
While nature's charms his soul beguile;
And more than fortune's joys he'll prize
The beauty of the fields, and brightness of the skies.

III.

III.

When Spring, returning to the earth,
 Gives ev'ry fruit and flow'ret birth;
 And, in new verdure cloath'd, the grove
 Again renews the song of love,
 Delighted, oft with eager feet,
 He'll hail each op'ning bloom and sweet,
 With swelling heart the scene survey,
 And pour, by nature fir'd, the soul-enchanting lay.

IV.

At Summer noon-tide from the heat
 He'll seek in groves a green retreat,
 And, poring on the babbling stream,
 Indulge some sweet poetic dream.
 When Autumn crowns the varied year,
 And suns a milder radiance wear,
 He'll walk at cool of setting day,
 And gaze with wistful eye on the departing ray.

V.

When Winter o'er the dreary plains
 Confess'd in all its horrors reigns,
 When icy streams forget to flow,
 And hills are hid beneath the snow,
 No prospect seen around to rise,
 But cheerless wastes and cloudy skies,
 He'll sympathize with nature's state,
 And muse in mournful strains the wrecks of time and fate.

VI.

VI.

He nature loves in ev'ry form,
 Alike the sunshine and the storm;
 Though pleas'd the murm'ring rill he view
 Through flow'ry meads its course pursue,
 Not less he hears the torrent's roar,
 Hoarse dashing on the founding shore,
 Nor brightest skies delight his soul
 More than when light'nings flash, and thunders rend the
 pole.

VII.

His is the bosom form'd to prove
 Excess of friendship and of love:
 His—ardour, that impetuous glows,
 And pity—his, that melting flows;
 No common feelings doom'd to share,
 His joy is rapture, grief—despair:
 By joy exalted to the skies,
 But, ah! by grief depress'd, how low on earth he lies!

VIII.

And as each passion rules the hour,
 The willing muse shall own its power:
 Now he shall sing in am'rous strains
 The lover's joys, the lover's pains;
 Now soothing pleasure shall inspire,
 Now ardent glory rouse the lyre,
 Now fancy's sprightly lays shall flow,
 Now melancholy's strains move solemn, soft, and slow.

IX.

IX.

He'll shun the busy haunts of noise,
 And scorn the wealthy's fordid joys;
 But chiefly in the rural cell,
 The muse's haunt, he'll chuse to dwell;
 In nature's scenes he'll love to stray,
 And meditate the lonely lay:
 To worldly joy and care unknown,
 The muse shall fill his mind, and mark him as her own.

X.

And though in life's sequester'd way
 Unknown, unnotic'd he may stray,
 Or doom'd in his disastrous state
 To prove the ills of partial fate;
 Yet future times, to worth more just,
 Shall deck the tomb, and rear the bust,
 Shall bid his mem'ry death defy,
 And give on wings of fame through ev'ry age to fly.

TO A LADY IN A DECLINING STATE of
 HEALTH.

AH! where is fled each wonted charm,
 With life, with health, and vigour warm,
 The cheek of sweetly-mingled dye,
 The lively mien and cheerful eye,

All,

All, all exchang'd in youthful bloom,
 For the pale livery of the tomb :
 Say, can a nymph so lovely share,
 Or hopeless grief or pining care,
 Or, long ere nature bid decay,
 Death mark so fair a form its prey ;
 Or, envious of thy worth, the skies
 Remove from earth so bright a prize ?
 Cannot affection's prayers prevail,
 The sighs of love that swell the gale,
 Virtues so dear from death to save,
 And snatch such beauty from the grave ?
 Oh ! live to crown affection's prayer,
 And live to bless a lover's care ;
 Who, bending now with anxious eye,
 Where all his hopes and wishes lie,
 Vows still with thee to share an equal doom,
 Through life to love thee, and divide thy tomh.

SONGS

*Introduced in the Procession on laying the Foundation of a
new College at Edinburgh, Nov. 16, 1789.*

TUNE—*The Conquering Hero.*

SEE he comes: his way prepare *,
Rend with loud acclaims the air,
Raife aloft the joyful lay,
Loudly celebrate the day.

Sprung from him † whose mental ray,
The dawn of science turn'd to day;
See he comes, on every hand
Encircled by the learned band.

TUNE—*The Hero comes.*

LONG, long, dishonour of our Isle,
Neglected lay the Muse's pile;

* The words of the songs were, at the request of several gentlemen, hastily thrown together for the occasion by the Rev. John Armstrong, M. A. at that time a student in the University of Edinburgh.

† Napier of Merchiston, (of whom the present Lord Napier, who presided at the procession as Grand-Master Mason of Scotland, is a lineal descendant,) the famous inventor of the Logarithms, who, by the elegant historian of England, is deservedly stiled, a truly Great Man.

And

Her fav'rite walls neglected lay,
Rude, mean, and mould'ring to decay.

He comes to pay the honours due,
To rear her sacred pile anew,
And bid the work aloft ascend,
Whose fame shall never, never end.

Now, see him in the task engage,
The glory of the present age;
While, bending from the realm of day,
The Sire shall pleas'd the Son survey.

TUNE—*Let Ambition fire thy Mind.*

Now, now, the glorious work's begun,
That still shall last while ages run,
Whose fame shall spread thro' ev'ry clime,
And know no end but that of time.

Here Genius, from its ample store,
Improving what was known before,
Shall add to Learning boundaries new,
And bring each latent truth to view.

Here useful science, polish'd art,
Shall each distinguish'd hold a part,
And knowledge join, with taste combin'd,
At once t'improve, adorn the mind.

TUNE—*Britannia Rules the Waves.*

THE Stone we've seen first plac'd by Napier's hand,
 Whose future pile aloft shall rise;
 Whose fame shall spread through every distant land,
 And, rais'd by time, shall reach the skies.

Here, here, to glory train'd, shall raise a race,
 Their country's ornament and shield;
 Whose wisdom shall Britannia's council grace,
 Whose arms shall guard her in the field.

This day, long-wish'd, to celebrate we'll raise,
 Triumphant raise a joyful strain;
 This day, at last arriv'd, to future praise
 For ever sacred shall remain.

MILTON'S

MILTON'S GHOST.

AN ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1790, when a Report prevailed that the Grave of Milton had been discovered in Cripplegate Church-yard, on which Occasion the supposed Remains of this famous Poet were dug up, and suffered for some Days to remain exposed to public View.

'TWAS night, and buried in profound repose,
 The num'rous tribes of busy mortals lay,
 My wakeful eyes alone forgot to close,
 And thought succeeded to the cares of day :
 Till wearied nature sunk at length to rest,
 But Fancy hovering still around my head ;
 Fancy, the sleepless tenant of the breast,
 Its airy visions o'er my slumbers spread :
 When to my view a grizly form appears,
 Of mien majestic, but dejected hue,
 Reverend, sunk deeply in the vale of years,
 The Father of the English Song I knew.
 Hail, cried I, Author of immortal lays—
 My Son, said he, these titles now forbear ;
 No time remains to waste in useless praise,
 A different subject now demands our care !

Thou know'st, and oft has mourn'd how hard my lot,
Of evil days and evil tongues the prey *,

Dishonour'd, unrewarded, and forgot,

I sunk the unheeded victim of decay.

Obscurely in a vault my corpse was laid,

Fenc'd by no shelter from the common doom,

No voice of praise was heard to sooth my shade,

No pomp of funeral adorn'd my tomb :

Yet saw I sons their fathers faults disclaim,

The tribute long withheld of honour pay,

My strains victorious fill'd the voice of fame,

Nor griev'd I though my corpse unheeded lay.

But, ah, how shall I tell the dire disgrace!

With hands profane my tomb they now disclose,

My bones torn rudely from their grave deface,

And rob my ashes of their due repose!

Was it for this I toil'd in freedom's cause,

With ceaseless care the arduous labour ply'd,

Dethroning tyrants, and asserting laws,

Till light, alas, its friendly aid deny'd ?

Was it for this, though quench'd my visual ray,

I woo'd the Muse to build the lofty rhyme,

To more than mortal themes attun'd my lay,

And soar'd beyond the bounds of space and time ?

* Milton in one of his works complains, that " he had fallen
" upon evil days and evil tongues."

Is this the fame I hop'd from future days,
 Are these the mighty honours they bestow—
 With sacrilegious hands my corpse to raise,
 My bones expose a mercenary show ?
 To brand the wretches, who the dead invade,
 With shame and fell remorse be thine the care ;
 The cock was heard to crow—no more he said,
 And the thin vision vanish'd into air.

INVOCATION TO PRAISE.

HAIL, meek-ey'd Patience, heavenly maid,
 But sent to earth to mortals aid,
 To teach them to endure
 The many ills which wait below
 In close succession still, and know
 From death alone a cure !
 Hail, Patience, and with thee Content,
 That ever pleas'd with blessings sent,
 The woes of fate beguiles ;
 And Meekness too, with placid mien,
 With brow unalter'd and serene,
 That e'en in sorrow smiles :
 And Fortitude attend thy train,
 Superior to the ills of pain,
 That still defies the stroke ;
 And Resignation too be there,
 In silence skill'd each ill to bear,
 And bow beneath the yoke !

Be these in every scene display'd,
 When fainting Nature calls for aid,
 And with them Hope be given,
 That through Misfortune's darkest sky
 Emits a beam to cheer the eye,
 And point the path to Heaven.

ADDRESS TO THOMSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

WRITTEN AT RICHMOND,

SWEET bard, whose lively pencil stole
 All nature's animated soul,
 Her varied semblance bade appear,
 And gave new beauties to the year :
 The chastest tongue may own thy lines
 Where every charm of fancy shines,
 Nor will the feeling heart refuse
 A tribute to thy plaintive muse :
 Oft as the friend shall tarry here,
 He'll drop upon thy grave a tear,
 And while remembrance swells his breast,
 Bid soft thy gentle spirit rest !

ELEGIAC

ELEGIAC VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MICHAEL
BRUCE *.

WHY vainly bid the animated bust,
 Why bid the monumental pile to rise,
 Too often genius, doom'd by fate unjust,
 Unnotic'd lives, unwept, unhonour'd dies!
 Too oft' the poet in whose sacred breast,
 With ardour glow the muses purest fires,
 Contemn'd by pride, by penury oppress'd,
 In anguish lives, and in neglect expires!
 Too oft, alas, in some sequester'd ground,
 Silent and cold the poet's ashes sleep,
 No pomp of funeral is seen around,
 No parasite to praise, no friend to weep!
 Such, Bruce, the feelings in my breast that rise,
 While guided by the muse I wander near,
 Mark the lone spot where youthful genius lies,
 And give thy fate the tribute of a tear.
 Obscure thy birth, yet in thy early breast,
 How deep and ardent glow'd the muses flame!
 How strongly in thy bosom was impress'd
 The poet's genius, and the poet's fame!

* For an account of the subject of these verses, see the 36th
 Number of the Mirror.

Such was thy mind—but, ah! upon thy frame
 Disease relentless urg'd its growing way,
 Fled was each joy of health, each hope of fame,
 And thou the victim of a slow decay:
 Like some fair flower, that owes the desert birth,
 Whose buds foretell the beauty of its prime,
 But sinks unshelter'd, sinks unseen to earth,
 Chill'd by the blast, or cropt before its time!
 Perhaps thus blasted by unfriendly doom,
 Thy genius foster'd in a milder air,
 Matur'd by age in all the pride of bloom,
 Had spread luxuriant, and had flourish'd fair!
 But, ah, no more the poet now remains,
 Cold is the breast that glow'd with sacred fire,
 Mute is the tongue that flow'd in tuneful strains,
 Check'd is the hand, and silent is the lyre!
 For him, who now laments thy early tomb,
 Like thee inspir'd with youthful love of lays;
 Though now he mourns, he soon may share thy doom,
 May soon require the tribute which he pays.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT
OF THE
LATE VICTORY GAINED BY THE BONZES
OVER THE
ASSOCIATION IN THE KINGDOM OF TRIUNA.

IN this age of association, perhaps a short history of the late events at Brass-Town, in Triuna, may not be unacceptable to your readers. Triuna formerly consisted of three kingdoms, but, since, they have been consolidated into one. It is governed by an emperor, an hereditary council of two hundred and fifty, and an elective council of five hundred; which three parts compose the entire legislature. For these reasons the kingdom is called Triuna.

The Bonzes of this country are so extraordinary a race of men, and bear so important a part in the following narrative, that I cannot bring you too soon acquainted with them. The state created them a corporate body, declared them to be set apart for the instruction of the people, and endowed them with large estates and valuable immunities.

nities. You will, doubtless, be eager to learn by what arts the Bonzes obtained their influence and authority: this point I shall endeavour to explain. The popular belief of Triuna, and all the adjacent kingdoms, was, that the princes of these parts of the world did not reign in their own right, but were absolutely dependent on the Emperor of Terra Incognita, commonly called the Great Emperor. On this foundation the Bonzes built. They affirmed that they were hand and glove with the Great Emperor; that he would do any thing to oblige them; that he had given them a special commission to publish his decrees, and instruct his subjects in the allegiance which they owed him. You cannot, added the Bonzes, more effectually discharge your duty to the Great Emperor than by treating us, his representatives, with all possible reverence. Whoever pays due homage to the Great Emperor (meaning to themselves) shall, immediately on sailing down the river Mors to Terra Incognita, be put into possession of a country far more beautiful and delicious than any spot in our world; a country, in short, that may justly be termed a perfect paradise. On the contrary, the Bonzes threatened, that whoever absented himself from their theatres, disbelieved their stories, treated them with neglect or ridicule, defrauded them of their pay, should, on his arrival in Terra Incognita, be made close prisoner, and compelled to dance, like an elephant, upon a heated floor. Considering that the people were mainly ignorant, and the Bonzes possessed

of

of all the little learning then extant, is it wonderful that, taking advantage of the general ignorance, they became in a short time the richest and most powerful body of men in the world. As much as the Bonzes usurped over the rest of mankind, so much usurped over the Bonzes the Arch-Bonze of Babylon, styled by himself the Great Emperor's Vicar-General. But on the first dawn of reason and science, the Bonzes of Triuna quarrelled with the Arch-Bonze, and shook off his government. About this time the association first began to appear in this country. Every member was obliged to make the following declaration, which I do not remember to have seen any where in print, except in the Spectator, No. 126.

“ We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare, That we do in our consciences believe
 “ two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge
 “ any man whatsoever to be our enemy, who endeavours
 “ to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready
 “ to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and
 “ dear to us, that fix is less than seven in all times and
 “ all places: and that ten will not be more three years
 “ hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, That it is our resolution, as long as we live, to
 “ call black, black; and white, white. And we shall
 “ upon all occasions oppose such persons, that, upon
 “ any day of the year, shall call black white, or
 “ white

“ white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and
 “ fortunes.”

You may observe that the clauses, “ with the hazard
 “ of all that is near and dear to us, with the utmost peril
 “ of our lives and fortunes,” are far from being idle or
 unmeaning. For whoever was bold enough to avow and
 maintain such unpopular tenets, did it at the imminent
 hazard of all that was near and dear to him. This
 truth the associators often felt by woeful experience. The
 wealthy and powerful united to oppose the dangerous de-
 signs of these innovators. The statesman foresaw, that
 if such a proposition as that two and two make four, with
 all its consequences, should ever come to be generally
 allowed, it would ruin their most hopeful schemes of
 finance, and make dreadful havock in the accounts of
 public expenditure, taxation, national debt, &c. The
 lawyers swore, that the clause which affirms that black is
 black, and white white, was treacherously meant to take
 the bread out of their mouths, and abolish the whole
 practice of the courts. But the most formidable enemies
 the poor associators had to encounter, were the Bonzes,
 who, though they had freed themselves from the yoke
 of Babylon, had no intention that the people should be
 gainers by the exchange. They meant to transfer to
 themselves all the rights, powers, privileges, and per-
 quisites that the Vicar-General formerly claimed. But
 as they could only justify their secession from Babylon
 by

by the enormity of the Vicar-General's claims, they were compelled, solely against their will, to give up some part of the power they had before exercised. *When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.* Still, however, they retained so much authority as to enact severe laws against the associators. A poor woman, who had only said that she thought two and two to be four, was burnt by order of Cantuariensis, the chief Bonze, and to such a degree had the Bonzes perverted the consciences and stifled the feelings of mankind, that the only person who shed a tear on the occasion was the Prince Odoardo, a child of eleven years old, in whom education had not extinguished the sentiments of humanity.

I forgot, in its proper place, to open the grounds and reasons of the quarrel that the Bonzes had to the associators. It may not be amiss, therefore, to do it here. The associators attacked the claims of the Bonzes in different methods. The greater part denied that they favoured the particular doctrines, or countenanced the exclusive privileges, of the Bonzes.

When Triuna was finally delivered from the Babylonian tyranny, and Prince Ilermo elected Emperor, the Bonzes were forbidden to hang or burn their enemies. However, they procured either to remain, or be enacted laws, they gave all the offices of power, trust, and profit,

to

to Bonzes, or Bonzites. In order to debauch the ingenuous minds of youth, they picked out thirty or forty of the absurdest propositions they could invent, and crammed them down the throats of all minors destined for the liberal professions. The drift of this scheme was, that no man, after swallowing such gross impostures, might have any pretence afterwards to be squeamish, or plead conscience and reason against the Bonzite interest. Not content with all these safeguards, they obtained a law, by which it was enacted, * “ that if any person
 “ shall by writing, printing, teaching, or advised speak-
 “ ing, maintain two and two to be less than four, or
 “ more than one; he shall for the first offence be ren-
 “ dered incapable of holding any office or place of
 “ trust: and for the second, be rendered incapable of
 “ bringing any action, being guardian, executor, le-
 “ gatee, or purchaser of lands, and shall suffer three
 “ years of imprisonment without bail.” They were, indeed, so good as to promise the associators, that they would never put this law in force, unless in cases of the last necessity. “ Thank you for nothing,” said the associators. “ If the spirit of the times did not repress
 “ your zeal, whipping, fines, pillory, loss of ears, and
 “ even burning in the ox-market, would again become
 “ as common, as they were under the Babylonian ty-
 “ ranny. You dare not often insist on the rigorous ex-

* Statute 9 and 10 Hermo, chap. 32.

“ executions of the law, because the public would be “ shocked with such barbarity, and cry aloud for its abolition.” The Bonzes knew their strength and their weakness: they suspended this law, like the stone of Tantalus, over the heads of the associators, to frighten them from an overt profession of their sentiments. Such a law, they knew, would cherish hatred in the breasts of those simple and ill-judging citizens, who are more led by words than reason. The common people naturally think, that men who are liable to such penalties, must be profligate and wicked in the extreme. Accordingly the word *associator* is never used by the reigning party, but to denote the utmost conceivable depravity. In general, as I said before, the Bonzes contented themselves with infusing into their hearers, an hearty hatred for the associators. Now and then, merely to keep themselves in practice, they would single out an obstinate dog of an adversary, and worry him: especially if he were a man of good moral character. The cases of Clericus, Longitudinalis, and others, are too well known to be here repeated. I shall therefore hasten to the late event at Brass-Town, of which, perhaps, you have not yet heard.

The city of Brass-Town abounds in associations; and some years ago Sacerdotalis, a noted member, came and settled in the suburbs. Sacerdotalis is a man of very extensive general knowledge; but in experimental philosophy,

phy, perhaps the most eminent man of his day. He is likewise a man of affable manners and exemplary morality. But in the eyes of the Bonzes these were blemishes, rather than beauties in his character. For Sacerdotalis had, it seems, written many books in defence of those grand arithmetical truths, "That two and two make four, and that six is less than seven." He even challenged the Bonzes to a public disputation upon these points. He treated their high-flown claims with contempt, and ventured to hint that the statute, above quoted, ought to be repealed. Upon this, many of the Bonzite army, officers of the staff, subalterns, and even corporals, took the field. But being repulsed with loss and disgrace in open engagements, they withdrew to their separate theatres, and there from the orchestra harangued their audience against the unfortunate Sacerdotalis. One of the foremost of the gang was young Grotiafter, a pert ignoramus, not worthy to wipe the shoes of such a man as Sacerdotalis; yet this hopeful youth, once a week, called Sacerdotalis all the vile names he could muster, and dismissed the deluded populace with very ill impressions of the poor man's character. Upon this Sacerdotalis addressed a set of letters to the inhabitants of Brass-Town, in which he refuted the calumnies of Grotiafter and his other enemies, and exasperated them still more. At this critical juncture, a neighbouring nation had new-modelled its constitution upon principles of freedom, had diminished the power of its Bonzes,

and

and granted a full toleration to its associators. The associators of Triuna kept the return of this memorable day as a feast; they were warm in their praises of this revolution, and even insinuated an hope, that part of its benefits might be extended to themselves. Upon this occasion, the controversy blazed forth with fresh fury. The statesmen, the lawyers, and the Bonzes, all took the alarm, and cried out with an hideous yell, that these associators were going to overturn the whole constitution in stage and state, as by law established. A certain person in power hung out the terrors of military force in the capital, and told some of the principal associators, that if their anniversary meeting were attended with tumult and bloodshed, they must be answerable for the consequences. In the mean time the proper emissaries were dispatched to Brass-Town to head the mob, when it should be duly inflamed, and to give shape, direction, and consistency, to its movements. A list of obnoxious persons was made out (among whom you may swear Sacerdotalis was not forgotten,) and their houses marked for destruction. Every infamous slander was circulated against the associators, particularly against Sacerdotalis. All the Bonzites called him a damned rascal; one took his oath that he had conveyed I know not how many barrels of gunpowder into the theatre, and meant to blow up the audience at the next representation. It afterwards appeared, that all the gunpowder used by Sacerdotalis was merely metaphorical. At last the important day came.

The.

The associators met, passed the day in mirth and conviviality, with great decency and temperance, and retired early in the evening. The leaders of the mob then began to play their game. First they set fire to the house of Sacerdotalis, and made strict search after the owner, to throw him too into the flames : but, alas ! he had just had time to escape. Thus in an instant were consumed an inoffensive man's dwelling, his furniture, with his philosophical apparatus, and his library, (both the gradual collection of many years,) all his papers, memorandums, and private letters, except a few which some curious Bonzites preserved, in the charitable hope of extracting treason from them. And lest the ardour of the multitude should cool, one of the ringleaders whetted their vengeance by reading forged letters, which he fathered on Sacerdotalis. They then went to the remainder of the persons named in their list, burning and plundering without mercy. One man was burnt out of his home, because he had ridiculed the *national stage*, by building a cow-house in the form of a *theatre*. This devastation lasted several days, till the numbers of the mob had greatly increased. But by this time they had drunk away their understanding ; and their fury, grown stronger than ever, had lost all distinction of its proper objects. A certain person in power, who had from a distance beheld and enjoyed the scene, while only the associators suffered, now began to be apprehensive for the safety of his own friends, if he should continue longer idle. He there-

therefore ordered a detachment of the military to march to Brass-Town and quell the tumults, which was easily effected, and the place, in some measure, restored to its former tranquillity.

It is the law of Triuna, that the loss of property, by popular tumults, shall be made good to the sufferers by the district in which they reside. To talk of the insufficient damages allowed to complainants, would be to mention a trifling grievance after what has been related. But the behaviour of the Bonzes and Bonzites upon the occasion will hardly, I fear, gain credit. They think themselves excessively mild, if they express any concern for the late outrages; but then they never fail to add, that the associators themselves caused their sufferings by their own imprudence. Others think that Sacerdotalis should have been handsomely finged, *citra vitæ periculum*, or, at least, well tarred and feathered. But the greater part regret that he was not thrown into the fire, and there consumed, together with his vile and pernicious books. Even the ladies are stimulated by the size of the provocation to *unsex* themselves: they give it as their opinion, (and, as Sir Fretful Plagiary says, the ladies are the best judges of theatrical matters after all,) that the Brass-Town associators met with justice, but not with justice enough. I myself have been present, when a lady has laid down her cards, and declared with the utmost energy of voice and action, that she honoured the inhabitants

habitants of Brass-Town for their spirit. As for those charitable souls, Grotiafter and his followers, if hereafter a fimilar temptation should present itself, they would again halloo their blood-hounds upon the associators ; and after encouraging the mob to involve the houfes of their opponents in flames, would fing *Te Deum* at the conflagration.

• Methinks I hear you demand, to what purpofe this tedious detail ? What are the difturbances in Triuna to us ? What likenefs does this tranfaction bear to any circumftance in our own fituation ; I anfwer, that, though at prefent we are perfectly free and comfortable, no man can enfore us the perpetual continuance of thefe bleffings. If, therefore, the fpirit of bigotry, perfecution, and oppreffion (which God forbid !) fhould ever break out in this country, it may not be without its ufe to recall this foreign event to the public memory, and to paint it in the livelielt colours.

But the motive that chiefly impelled me to draw up this account, was of a more pleafing nature. I was willing to fhew, by as ftriking a contraft as I could form, the comparative excellence of our government ; a government, where liberty, civil and religious, flourifhes in its higheft perfection ; where talents, learning, and virtue, give the fole title to diftinction, -either honourable or profitable ; to employments, civil, military, and ecclefiaftical ;

astical; where the workhouses and gaols are absolutely useless for want of paupers, debtors, and felons. Next I would represent the long and faithful services of our ministers; the rapid dissolution of the national debt; the diminution of taxes (nearly half a crown in the hundred, if I am rightly informed;) the frugal management of the public money; no armaments at once expensive and inactive; no extension of game-laws, excise, &c. &c. While we enjoy all the freedom and happiness of which human nature is capable, under a wise Premier, and a virtuous Parliament.

HORSELY WHITAKER.

VERSES.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP
STRICKLAND,

*Written near his Tomb, in the northerly Isle of Carlisle
Minster, by Henry Fitzwalter, a Monk of Widderhall.*

RETIR'D from all the busy scenes of life ;
My soul shut out from pleasure and from joy ;
Amidst these vaulted Isles heré let me roam,
And by reflection's aid call out the lengthen'd sigh.

Here let me stop whilst I survey the place
Where rests thy cold inanimated dust :
Here to thy memory drop the silent tear,
And bow my head in rev'rence to thy bust.

As mournful sounds the organ's dying tones,
The tuneful choir chaunt forth their evening song ;
Alas ! they cannot soothe my pensive soul,
But dictate sorrow to my faithful tongue.

Fitzwalter, 1421.

VERSES TO LAURA.

AH me! how deep the poison lies,
 Which late I drank from *Laura's* eyes!
 It burns, it spreads, each tortur'd vein
 Swells with the agonizing pain.
 Oft stealing from day's garish eye,
 Unseen, to the lone woods I hie;
 And, while with faintly glimmering ray,
 The star of eve directs my way,
 To fairy forms my woes I tell,
 And mingle plaints with Philomel—
 Sweet bird! yet once again prolong
 The plaintive music of thy song:
 The dying notes let echo hear,
 And waft the sound to *Laura's* ear;
 And if she listens to thy strain,
 Ah, tell her of my sharper pain!
 Ah! tell her, since like thee I pine,
 To hear thy woes, and pity mine.

Gaudia poetica, vel POETICA.

WHAT were the few frail joys of mortal life
 Without that first, and best, a wedded wife?
 Without a wife, on whom thy soul might doat,
 What were thy lot, O man, or thine, O Mr. P——?

Miss Mary Kendall—Kendall now no more,
 Brings to thy arms of joys a plenteous store.
 Had she been coy, in vain thy fortune made,
 Still hadst thou plied the typographic trade.
 But, ah!—fair fate—nor cruel she, nor coy,
 Rejects th' advances of her amorous boy.
 Pleas'd, she assents—winds catch the joyful note;
 She yields, she smiles, she weds her happy P——.
 Need I relate how gay to church they hied,
 With looks of cordial comfort, side by side,
 And he the bridegroom was, and she the bride;
 How fine his clothes! how gorgeous she was seen!
 Some say in *pea*, and some in *Kendall* green;
 Or how the bridegroom, solace of his soul,
 By way of portion, touch'd the *Kendall* *cole*;
 How blithe the evening pass'd with mirthful glee,
 And the bride play'd, I love my love with P——;
 And how in *sheets* he press'd the blooming dame,
 Bound in his arms, and titled with his *name*?

Hail,

Hail, happy pair! still on each other doat,
 Female on male, and male on female P—— :
 And may your own endeavours, and God's grace,
 Give you, in whom, united, we may trace
 The mother's virtue, and the father's face;
 In breeches some, and some in petticoats,
 A playful progeny of pretty P——.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

SWEET evening, hail! I love thy sober hue,
 When the bright sun, descending to the west,
 Invites tir'd nature to a tranquil rest,
 And opens to the pensive mind a view,
 Replete with every charm to sorrow true,
 The nightingale attunes her song, sweet guest!
 Unto that soul with every woe depress'd.
 Oh, let me at thy silent hour bestrew
 With roses, violets, and the primrose pale,
 The verdant spot where all my bliss is laid,
 Enchanting Ella! fair and matchless maid!
 Oh how shall I repeat the melting tale,
 When Death relentless tore her from these arms,
 And left my heart a prey to all Despair's alarms!

SONG.

BEAUTY, soft Enchantress, tell.
What confirms thy magic spell?
'Tis when, most the heart to bind,
Native grace reflects the mind.

On those eyes how lost we gaze,
Where each milder virtue plays;
Can those smiles not win the heart,
Which the soul's soft sense impart?

Temper'd thus with heavenly light,
Gems the raptur'd sense delight;
Opening roses thus combine,
Blooming beauty, breath divine.

*Inscription in an obscure Part of the Garden of the late
Mrs. CLIVE at STRAWBERRY-HILL, on a Pedestal
supporting a beautiful Urn.*

BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE, (NOW EARL
OF ORFORD.)

YE smiles and jests still hover round,
This is Mirth's consecrated ground!

Here

Here liv'd the laughter-loving Dame,—
A matchless Actress, CLIVE her name,
The Comic Muse with her retir'd,
And shed a tear when she expir'd.

H. W.

To Mr. HORACE WALPOLE,

On his Inscription on an Urn dedicated to Mrs. CLIVE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

HORACE! of STRAWBERRY-HILL, I mean not
ROME—

Lo! all thy geese are swans, I do presume—

Truth and thy trumpet seem not to agree:

Know, Comedy is hearty—all alive—

The sprightly lass no more expir'd with CLIVE,

Than Dame HUMILITY will die with thee.

*Verses addressed to Mrs. TICKELL, at Hampton-Court
Palace, by her Brother THOMAS TICKELL, Esq. on re-
ceiving her Print from COSWAY's Picture.*

—DESERTED Hampton! now no longer mourn
Thy fam'd *Cartoons*, to happier Windsor borne:
No more lament thy slighted *Beauties'* fate,
Condemn'd, unseen, to fade in lonely state:

H 2

Cosway

Cosway, the happy *Zeuxis* of our Isle,
 Restores thee all, in lovely *Sarah's* smile;
 That smile, whose charms a power to *Cosway* lend,
 Like her, each varied excellence to blend;
 And in *one* bright original, combine
 All *Lely's* grace, all *Rafaelle's* art divine.

12th March, 1792.

WESTMINSTER THEATRICALS.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. BUNBURY, IN THE CHARACTER OF
 EUDOCIA, IN THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

GRAY, mournful Bard, devoted once his pen,
 To tell poor thoughtless school-boys they were men.
 But not our boys of *Westminster* he chose—
 He pitch'd on *Eaton*, for his nest of woes;
 Sorrow bestow'd on them, and faded Care,
 And sad, grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair—
 And kindly sent—first having quite undone 'em,
 The family of Pain—to wait upon 'em.
 But *Westminster!* the wholesome and the fair!
 He knew—could *never* be the seat of Care—
 He knew what *domes* the Bowling-alley yields—
 What *groves*, Dean's yard—what *verdure*, 'Othill-fields—
 The *hall* and *school*—of *Wisdom* what perfection!
 And oh! what *Patriot Virtue*—the Election!

Too

Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
 And some small rubs control our stream of joy;
 In which there steps, if we too fast are jogging—
 A *gentle* imposition—or—a flogging—
 But young ambition still with rubs *must* meet
 In camps and courts, as well as *Barton-street*.

Did you but know what wayward ills await
 The boys who wants a *head*, and wears a *tête*—
 In *heels*, and *hoops*, and *petticoats* array'd—
 And all the apparatus of—a maid—
 You'd feel compassion for *my* case, and shew it—
 Why, *Caled*'s pangs of Death were pastime to it.
 If, when *you felt* for sad *Eudocia*'s woes,
 Nature had summon'd me—to *blow my nose*;
 And for my handkerchief, I'd made a stoop—
 Taking *improper freedoms*—with my hoop—
 What female eye so brave—but I must shock it—
 Hunting so *unpolitely*—for my pocket!
 You for *my* feelings had not car'd a pin,
 But damn'd *Eudocia* with a general *grin*.
 Or, if it so had pleas'd malignant Fate,
 That I had quite forgot I wore a *tête*;
 And anxious, with Papa, to join the groupe in;
 Had' rush'd through some low door-way without stooping;
 Off it had gone—I had *your presence* fled—
 And lost my reputation—with my head.
 Such ills to guard against—it rests with me
 To steer with care—my *chignon* and *toupee*.

And lest my grief should interrupt *your* sorrow,
 I'll have a pocket-hole cut *here* to-morrow.
 If, shock'd to-night by no extreme *faux pas*,
 You bless our little troop with *dear* applause—
 If *Phocya's* torments did not quite congeal ye—
 If *Caled* (for a Welchman) died—genteelly;
 The *dead themselves* commission me to say,
 They'll *live*—to fight again—another day.

VERSES

ON A

SHEET OF BLANK PAPER.

BY THE LATE GEORGE THICKNESSE, ESQ.

Head Master of St. Paul's School.

FAIR, spotless leaf (thou emblem pure
 Of innocence) beware :
 Nor think thy beauty lives secure ;
 'Tis dang'rous to be fair.

To wit obscene, and impious jest,
 Thou liest too much expos'd :
 Give truth possession of thy breast,
 Or be for ever clos'd.

Some

Some wanton pen may scrawl thee o'er,
 And blot thy virgin face :
 And whiteness, deem'd thy praise before,
 May turn to thy disgrace.

O give me then thy faultless page,
 Ere yet foul stains be drank,
 On Virtue's side with me engage,
 Nor leave for Vice a blank.

By thee shall idle vacant hearts
 This useful moral learn,
 That unemploy'd, the brightest parts
 To vice and folly turn.

By thee shall innocence be taught,
 What dangers wait on youth,
 Unless with early precepts fraught,
 And prepossess'd with truth.

By thee shall beauty learn to yield
 To real worth her charms ;
 For virtue (tho' an ample shield)
 But incompletely arms.

TO HOPE.

A SONNET,

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

O, Ever skill'd to wear the form we love,
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
 Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
 Thy voice, benign Enchantress, let me hear;
 Say—that for me some pleasure yet shall bloom!
 That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
 Shall soften or dispel Misfortune's gloom.

But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
 Which once with dear illusion charm'd my-eye;
 O strew no more, sweet Flatterer! on my way,
 The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die:
 Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

POETIC ADDRESS

TO A LADY WITH A REPEATING WATCH.

HENCE, curious Toy!—to Laura go,
 And dangle by her side,
 Thou emblem of a modern Beau,
 In all his glittering pride.

When

When in her bed you hang in air,
And measure out dull time,
Say, joy and love should be her care,
Now Beauty's in its prime.

When first she wakes, at Jenny's knock,
—Then thoughts are frank and free—
Tell her, instead of—what's o'clock,
'Tis time to think of me!

Tell her—a lover in her arms,
His pulse will beat as true;
His heart wou'd spring with love's alarms,
And vibrate quick as you!

HERBERT.

MRS. CRESPIGNY'S GROTTTO.

The following Lines, which are from the pen of Mr. Fitzgerald, adorn a small Grot in the Garden at Camberwell—so often the Scene of the Muses and the Drama.

THE INSCRIPTION.

MAY no rude gale disturb this calm retreat,
The fanè of Friendship and the Muse's seat,
But cooling show'rs and fresh'ning zephyrs bring
Th' ambrosial sweetness of perpetual Spring!

H 5

While

While Nature's feather'd warblers from above,
Chant their wild notes in eloquence of love!
May Envy wither if she enters here,
And drooping Mis'ry check the starting tear—
Or if the Mistress of the Grot be nigh,
Let the poor wretch drink comfort from her eye.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THE country being now in that situation foreseen and provided for by Solon of Athens, when he obliged every man in the state to declare his party, under a severe penalty; and as men are sometimes at a loss what party to chuse, I think it is your duty, as one of the centinels of the people, to set up a standard for them to rally around; in consequence of which I send you the following Creeds, one or other of which, I think, will fit every man in the kingdom.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ONE OF A MILLION.

CREEDS

CREEDS TO CHUSE.

FIRST, OR TORY CREED.

I believe in the infallibility of all crowned heads.

I believe in the infallibility of the Minister for the time being.

I believe in William Pitt as the maker of all good men.

I believe in the perfection and inviolability of the English Constitution, *as now administered*; and I think it a damnable heresy to believe that it can be amended.

I believe in the charity, religion, and virtues of the church as established by law.

I believe in the holiness of all Bishops—in the necessity of pluralities—in the advantages of tythes—and in all the good things dependent upon High Church Government.

I believe in the salvation of Test Acts.

I believe in the virtue of corruption, without which there can be no regeneration.

I believe in the saving grace conferred by pensions and sinecure places.

I believe in the virtue of riches and vice of poverty—and I believe that all men who do not believe as I believe, will, or ought to be, damned in *secula seculorum*.
Amen.

A CAVALIER OF THE OLD COURT OUT.

SECOND, OR JACOBINE CREED.

I do not believe in any thing that is ancient, fixed, stable, or permanent.

I believe only in the virtues of change and experiment.

I believe that all crowned heads are tygers, prowling for prey.

I believe that all Ministers are jackals, pourvoying for such tygers.

I believe that the English Constitution is bad, will be worse, and ought to be destroyed.

I believe that it is wiser to rush into any evils that may await change, than to attempt to mend what is amiss, because life is not long enough to wait the slow progress of reform.

I believe that all good governments are made only for the existing members, and that they have nothing to do with posterity.

I believe that the next world has nothing to do with us, and consequently that we have nothing to do with the next world.

I believe that every rich man is a rogue, and ought to be poor.

I believe that every poor man is honest, and ought to be rich.

I be-

I believe that the Rights of Man, as far as they serve to give me a right to live independent of all control, as a man ought to do.

I believe that the only fit men to frame a government for free men, are those who have always lived independent of any government whatever, as they only can know what freedom is.

I believe in Tom Paine as the saviour of this world.

Amen.

A REPUBLICAN OF THE NEWEST CUT.

THIRD, OR MY OWN CREED.

I believe that every constitution is not adapted to every country.

I believe that a limited monarchy is best adapted to produce peace, plenty, prosperity, and protection in Great Britain.

I believe that the Constitution of England, as originally framed, is the wisest idea of a free government that ever entered into the imagination of man.

I believe that no human institution ever was, or will be perfect ; but if it is susceptible of amendment, may always be approaching nearer to perfection.

I believe that being of human institution, the English Constitution, is subject to abuses and decay.

I believe that many abuses have crept into the Administration, and that many decays have begun to appear in the English Constitution.

I be-

I believe that no man is infallible, either as a King or as a Minister.

I believe it to be the interest of every Minister to encourage abuses in the Administration, and to hide decays in the Constitution.

I believe that all the abuses in the Administration, and all the decays in the Constitution are practical evils, and admit of easy and practical cures.

On a Present to the Author of two Impressions from a fine Antique Seal of Helen, sent by a Lady of Fashion to her Daughter.

FAIR sculpture of Helen's fair graces,
The Lady with whom we shall tax :
On paper who mark thy fair traces,
With Stella stamps lively in wax.

Of their hearts they make mutual confession,
That, cold to emotions once felt,
The Mother scarce yields an impression,
—The Daughter's can soften and melt !

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE FAILURE OF THE APPLICATION
FOR AN EQUAL REPRESENTATION IN PARLIA-
MENT.

By THOMAS DAY, Esq.

WHEN faithless Senates venally betray ;
When each degenerate noble is a slave ;
When Britain falls an unresisting prey ;
What part befits the gen'rous and the brave ?

In vain the task to rouse my country's ire,
And imp once more the stork's dejected wings ;
To solitude indignant I retire,
And leave the world to parasites and kings.

Not like the deer, whom, wearied in the race,
Each leaf astonishes, each breeze appals ;
But like the lion, when he turns the chace
Back on his hunters, and the valiant falls.

Then let untam'd Oppression rage aloof,
And rule o'er men who ask not to be freed ;
To liberty I vow this humble roof ;
And he that violates its shade shall bleed.

EXTEM:

EXTEMPORE,

By Dr. TROTTER.

————— *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*

WHEN earth, subdu'd by Philip's son,
Had no more kingdoms to be won—
Deep sighs confess'd the victor's grief,
And tears burst forth to give relief.

So when the list'ning Senate hung
With rapture on his magic tongue,
Reason convinc'd, in transport slept,
Fox could no farther go, and wept.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

To Mr. H——y.

By Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN early life's unclouded scene,
The brilliant morning of eighteen,
With health and sprightly joy elate,
We gaz'd on Youth's enchanting spring,
Nor thought how quickly time would bring
The mournful period—thirty-eight?

Then

Then the starch maid, or matron sage,

Already of that sober age,

We view'd with mingled scorn and hate ;

In whose sharp words, or shaper face,

With thoughtless mirth, we lov'd to trace

The sad effects of—thirty-eight!

Till, sad'ning—sick'ning at the view,

We learn'd to dread what time might do ;

And then preferr'd a prayer to Fate,

To end our days ere that arriv'd,

When (pow'r and pleasure long surviv'd) ,

We meet neglect, and—thirty-eight!

But time, in spite of wishes, flies ;

And Fate our simple pray'er denies,

And bids us Death's own hour await !

The auburn locks are mixt with grey,

The transient roses fade away,

But Reason comes at—thirty-eight!

Her voice the anguish contradicts,

That dying vanity inflicts ;

Her hand new pleasures can create ;

For us she opens to the view

Prospects less bright—but far more true,

And bids us smile at—thirty-eight!

No

No more shall Scandal's breath destroy
The social converse we enjoy,

With bard, or critic, *tête-à-tête*—
O'er youth's bright blooms her blight shall pour !
But spare th' improving friendly hour
Which Science gives to—thirty-eight !

Stripp'd of their gaudy hues by truth,
We view the glitt'ring toys of youth,
And blush to think how poor the bait,
For which to public scenes we ran,
And scorn'd of sober sense the plan
Which gives content at—thirty-eight !

O may her blessings now arise,
Like stars that mildly light the skies,
When the sun's ardent rays abate !
And, in the luxuries of mind—
In Friendship, science—may we find
Increasing joys at—thirty-eight !

Tho' Time's inexorable sway
Has torn the myrtle bands away
For other wreaths —'tis not too late ;
The Am'ranth's purple glow survives,
And still Minerva's olive thrives
On the calm brow of—thirty-eight !

With

With eye more steady, we engage
 To contemplate approaching age,
 And life more justly estimate;
 With firmer souls and stronger pow'rs,
 With reason, faith, and friendship, ours,
 We'll not regret the stealing hours
 That lead from thirty e'en to forty-eight!

CONTRADICTION.

PHILLIS was tender, young, and fair,
 Possessed of many virtues rare;
 One gift she had, which crown'd the rest,
 With Contraction she was blest:
 Oft I have heard, that in a woman
 The gift is not at all uncommon;
 'Tis thus they tarnish ladies glories;
 Fie upon men, to tell such stories!

Perhaps my song may lead we wrong,
 But I'm open to conviction;
 They tell us, that nothing in life is so sweet to a wife
 As a little Contradiction.

Many a female I have known,
 Both old and young, and fair and brown;
 When to the brown, I say they're fair,
 They contradict not, I declare:

When

When to the old I say they're young,
They still are mute, and hold their tongue;
Then cease, I pray, henceforth to blame
Those pretty creatures, 'tis a shame!

It may be, that the song will lead me wrong,
But I'm open to conviction;
They'll still have it, that nothing in life is so sweet to a
wife
As a little Contradiction.

Again to Phillis turns my story,—
She was her husband's pride and glory;
As they at table sat one day,
"My little angel," he did say,
"This fish is hardly done enough."
"Not done!" cry'd Phillis, in a huff,
"There's no such thing as pleasing you;
"I say 'tis done, quite through and through."

I'm afraid my song will lead we wrong,
But I am open to conviction;
I'd grant a wife, to sweeten life,
A little Contradiction.

He coax'd his Phillis to be quiet,
But she was bent upon a riot:
"I give it up, my dear," said he:
"And I maintain 'tis done," cried she.

Away,

Away, for fear of farther strife,
The man sneak'd off, and left his wife;
And from the room was hardly gone,
When Phillis fell into a swoon.

I perceive the song has led me wrong;
But I'm open to conviction:
No man in life should debar his wife
Of a little Contradiction.

A sudden shriek! the neighbours fly,
And to relieve her they all try.
The husband's call'd;—that's no relief;
Poor man!—he's quite o'erwhelm'd with grief.
“ Oh d—n that half-done fish,” he cries,—
At this his Phillis op'd her eyes;
“ The fish was quite done,” out she roar'd,
And thus poor Phillis was restor'd.

You find my song not very long,
No longer 'tis a fiction;
Here a wife was brought to life
By a little Contradiction.

*Inscription for a Gothic Nitch, lined with Ivy, near St.
Austin's Monastery, at Canterbury.*

MORTAL, thou who view'st this cell,
Scorn not here a while to dwell ;
Hence is banish'd noisy sport :
This is Contemplation's Court.

Hermits here, in days of yore,
O'er their beads were seen to pore :
Screen'd within this friendly shade,
Erst has wept the love-lorn maid.

Oft within this ivy'd seat,
Tenants of the green retreat,
Bards have shunn'd the glare of noon—
Here have hail'd the rising moon !

Here, with glitt'ring visions blest,
Have they sunk to downy rest :
Here have wak'd, this truth to know—
Wild ambition leads to woe.

Whilst around your eyes you turn
From this cell, one moral learn—
Far from Fortune's flatt'ring gale,
Cautious spread your little fail.

See

See yon once-aspiring fane,
 With ruin sad bestrew the plain ;
 Whilst within the fretted tower
 Night's lone bird erects her bower.

Yet the zealot's ruffian hand,
 Speeding ruin o'er the land,
 Spar'd the rude, the lowly cell,
 Where Contentment chose to dwell.

Those who from the Prelate's hand
 Tore the crozier's costly wand,
 Let the shepherd by the brook
 Keep unhurt his beechen crook.

AVON.

NEW ASSOCIATION.

WHEN Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff, published a Collection of Theological Tracts for the use of students, he fell into an unlucky mistake. He cared not whether the authors of the several tracts were churchmen or dissenters, provided they were Christians: this could not fail of giving umbrage to the true sons of the church, and accordingly an *Enchiridion Theologicum* is published by the University of Oxford, in which that blemish is carefully avoided. In like manner, the
 freedom.

freedom with which some of the Reviews commended books of heresy and sedition, while they blamed with equal freedom orthodox works and defences of authority, gave birth to the design of a counter review. To a design, we say, for a synopsis only has yet appeared. But of all loyal exertions, surely the most spirited and vigorous, is the column and half lately published by the Association against Republicans and Levellers. If it is wanting in argument, it at least abounds in assertion; if it cannot confute the adversary, it calls him hard names; and though the author is bad at writing, he is excellent at scolding. "Mischievous opinions—most un-
 "disguised wickedness—grossest folly—self-opinionated
 "philosophers—russian demagogues—wildest phrenesies
 "of fanaticism—imposture, fallacy, falsehood, and
 "bloodshed—savage ferociousness of wild beasts—pedant
 "politicians—russian levellers—wicked men—subver-
 "sion of the state—nefarious designs—wicked and
 "senseless reformers." These are some of the rhetorical flowers that adorn this composition. It is needless to answer such invectives: they confute themselves, and prove nothing but the author's want of temper and prudence. But it may not be amiss to examine one or two of his assertions. About a third of the whole is taken from an old declamation; and is meant to prove, that the co-operating industry of individuals produces public opulence; that while every one struggles to advance himself, some will be higher than others; and, there-

therefore, that all men are not equal. For, let us suppose an equal distribution of property. When I and my neighbour have divided our corn and cabbages, share and share alike, I may cut up my corn and cabbages before him, and then I must rely either on my strength or cunning to procure more. If I be not strong enough to procure them by violence, I must have recourse to some sort of labour; and the man who can give me food for my work, will become my master.— See here, ye audacious Levellers, how your scheme of equality is overturned by a compendious demonstration! What a pity such a jewel of a proof should be damaged by a flaw!

Here is equality of property, a chimera which no Republican in his senses ever defended, substituted in the place of natural equality, and then confuted. This is a common and easy practice, but not, perhaps, over laudable. A man finds an argument too hard for him; he therefore changes it into another that he can better manage, and then demolishes the phantom of his own invention. If these gentlemen were a little more expert in the art of reasoning, they might, perhaps, on reflection perceive, that when they thus earnestly confute a false proposition, they virtually charge it upon their adversaries; and that there is no difference, in point of morality, between an implied and expressed falsehood.

But their panegyric on our law is the boldest flight of invention that I remember to have seen. "The law suffers no injury to go without a remedy, and affords a remedy equally to the proudest and the poorest man." For instance, if it could be supposed possible, for an overgrown Lord to distress his poor tenant, the law would exact an ample compensation from the Lord, and replace the peasant in *statu quo*, free from the effects of past injuries, and the fear of future oppression. The only answer that needs be made to such an assertion is, that as it never was believed by the writer, so it never will be believed by any reader.

Yet, now and then, a ray of mercy breaks forth from the storm of abuse. The *mischievous opinions* are allowed to be founded on *plausible topics*, and supported by *plausible reasoning*. Surely, then, however wrong the *Levellers* are, they may be honest in their intention, and only mistaken in their argument. At another time they are "speculative men, who have conceived ideas of perfection that never yet were known." This seems to be a tacit, though, perhaps, unguarded concession in favour of the Reformers; and the only point in dispute is, whether certain alterations in our form of Government are practicable, and whether they would tend to the general benefit. If no excuse can be allowed for those unhappy men, who think that our Government would be rendered better, by having fewer faults, God help

help the wicked! If wishing for a peaceful and temperate reform be *wicked and senseless*, we are certainly a set of reprobate blockheads: for such are the avowed opinions of a very great part; and the real sentiments of more.

I mean not, however, to deny, that this *manifesto* has some touches of true eloquence. In particular I admire that sentence, "The inequality of rank and fortune in this blessed country is more the result of every man's own exertions, than of any controlling institution of the state." Here is at once a plain confession, that all the prosperity, whatever it is, that we enjoy, is due to the exertions of individuals, and not to the fostering influence of Government; together with a most bitter sarcasm upon our present condition, conveyed in the words, "this blessed country." But I think in prudence, they should have contented themselves with defending the abuses of the constitution, without insulting the miseries of the nation.

The latter end of these gentlemen's commonwealth forgets the beginning. They bestow great part of their advertisement upon the shocking French Revolution, which they see *with grief*; and presently *they take no concern in the struggles now making abroad*. Some folks have need of good memories, quoth Partridge. I think there is nothing more in the first charge that requires animad-

version. Their second advertisement prescribes an opiate, called a sermon. I wish the readers a comfortable nap. One of their resolutions of to-day is "to undeceive the poor people by reasoning." If I had been one of the *gentlemen* of this society, (for it seems no men, or citizens belong to the club) I would have advised them to have omitted the words *undeceive the people by reasoning*, which is a thing at once needless and impracticable. It is needless, because the poor people are undeceived already; and it is impracticable, because reason is a commodity of which these gentlemen scarcely possess enough for home consumption.

At the conclusion of this last address we are told, that the wicked men meet in defiance of law, but good men (i. e. the *gentlemen* of this club) meet in aid of law. If the first address had not had clear marks of its origin, this paragraph would have shew us, that it could not proceed but from a gentleman of the robe. None but a lawyer could have recommended Judge Ashhurst's Charge. None but a lawyer could have made the nice distinction just quoted, between wicked and good men.

I shall keep a constant eye upon the proceedings of these *gentry*, and from time to time communicate my remarks upon them, when the subject seems to require it, and you think what I say worthy of insertion. But
all

all criticism, or answering, will be useless, if they go on as they have begun.

" Friend, for your long harangues I'm griev'd,

" Where still so much is said ;

" One Half will never be believ'd,

" The other never read."

JACK SHERIFF.

TO CHLOE.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,

That give my heart the constant sigh ;

Ah ! wherefore let thy poet pine,

Who can't with ease his wants supply ?

O, haste, thy charity display ;

With little I'll contented be !

The kisses which thou throw'st away

Upon thy dog, will do for *me*.

SONNET.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

OH Fortune! do not tempt my heart
To stray from her my soul adores;
Amidst thy gifts the tear will start,
And every hour her loss deplores.

Her languid eyes and pallid cheek
Shall often drop on Fancy's eye;
On Fancy's ear her sighs shall break,
And on the soul of sweetness die.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

THE swains and the virgins so gay
Resort to my fountains and groves;
Joy follows wherever they stray,
And my vales seem the Court of the Loves.

But with wonder they mark me forlorn,
'Mid fountains and vallies so fair—
Ah! their hearts have no reason to mourn,
Nor to heave the sad sigh of despair.

To

To love, and be lov'd not again,
 Is a curse that embitters each hour;
 Then dull are the songs of the plain,
 And faded the blooms of the bower!

But with her who will smile on our sighs,
 Even rocks of the desert must bloom,
 Pale night be a sun to our eyes,
 And the dungeon depriv'd of its gloom!

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the press, and speedily will be published, *The Reasonableness of Conformity to the measures of Administration for the time being*; in which will be demonstrated that *political discussion and private judgement* are absolutely inconsistent with the nature and end of *Civil Government*. To which will be added, *An Appendix*, containing some *persuasive considerations on the profitableness of such conformity*.

By the Right Hon. WHA WANTS ME.

— Quocunque modo REM.

Just published, and to be had at the Treasury press,
gratis, a new political Paper, entitled

THE LIE OF THE DAY.

Clearly proving, to the apprehension of the *meanest* capacities, that Liberty *tends to the destruction of a free people*, and that Patriotism is only Treason in disguise; with some incontrovertible arguments, to shew, that a French Jacobin and a Dissenter from the *present Ministry* are synonymous terms.

To be continued every day in the week, *Sundays not excepted*.

By a Society of Gentlemen in Downing-street.

LURKING LOVE.

By Mrs. Piozzi.

WHEN Lurking Love in ambush lies
Under Friendship's fair disguise;
When he wears an angry mien,
Imitating spite or spleen;
When, like Sorrow, he seduces;
When, like Pleasure, he amuses;
Still, howe'er the parts are cast,
'Tis but "Lurking Love" at last.

A SONG.

A SONG.

By the Earl of CARLISLE.

MY heart's mighty empire bright Celia possess,
 And reign'd a most absolute Queen in my breast;
 'Till too far she presum'd on the power that I gave,
 And from a free subject soon made me a slave.
 Love's laws she subverted with insolent pride,
 And redress of my grievances ever deny'd;
 In distress to Amelia my griefs I impart,
 Amelia was destin'd to conquer my heart;
 She summon'd each beauty to rise up in arms,
 And the tyrant drove out by the force of her charms.

EPIGRAM.

ON ARCHERY.

WHILE fair Thalestris pois'd the shaft,
 "How keen the point;" she said;
 And when she saw it lodged, she laugh'd,
 To think the wound it made.

"The arrow's point bites deep, fair maid,"
 Reply'd a friend: "But who,
 "Without the softer feather's aid,
 "Could aim that arrow true?"

Thus in your lovely sex we find,
 Each charm a pointed dart;
 But 'tis the softness of the mind
 Must guide it to the heart.

THE INCONSTANT.

WHILST with the fair Hermione I play'd,
 And unrestrain'd I kiss'd the yielding maid,
 On her gay zone, where shone a thousand dies,
 In gold inscrib'd, this adage struck my eyes:
 —“ Kiss me to-day, good swain, nor view with sorrow,
 “ Another share that happiness to-morrow.”

To Miss HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

On reading her Novel of JULIA.

FROM pains which hopeless love imparts,
 Thy charming page would guard our hearts;
 But, Helen, while those ills you trace,
 Helen, in prudence, hide thy face!
 The graces that thy smiles dispense,
 That look of sweetness, and of sense,
 Incautious Maid, will make us prove
 Thy doctrine weak, oppos'd to Love!

NOW

NOW OR NEVER ;

OR, A REVEILLE TO THE CHURCH..

○ WHO shall blow the brazen trump,
By fam'd Sacheverel founded,
That spread confusion thro' the *Rump*,
And silenc'd ev'ry *Round-head*.

Now, now, if ever, loudly bawl,
" The Church, the Church in danger !"
Each Prebend trembles for his stall,
And eke his rack and manger.

Peers, Knights, and Squires in league combin'd,
Protect your good old mother ;
For should the beldame *slip her wind*,
You'll ne'er see such another.

Two hundred years and more, the dame
Has tightly held together ;
Her glorious motto "*still the same*,"
In spite of wind or weather.

Her babes of grace, with tender care,
She fed on dainty dishes,
And none but they have had a share
Among the loaves and fishes.

Shall Presbyterian Shreeves and May'rs
 Eat custards with the wife men—
 Or meetings hear the pious pray'rs
 Of Searchers and Excisemen?

The sects they prate of right and stuff,
 And brawl in fierce Committees,
 And soon will put on "*blue and buff*,"
 While Price sings "*nunc dimittis*."

Rouse, then, for shame! ye church-fed race,
 With Tories true and trusty;
 Turn on the foe your fighting face,
 And fit your armour rusty.

See learned Oxford, swift to aid,
 Pour from her lumber garret
 Artillery, long on purpose made,
 And pity 'twere to spare it!

Now Clarendon's laborious crew
 (Thrown by each Greek and Roman,)
 Sweat o'er the pamphlets, vamp'd and new,
 That threat the sturdy foe-man.

And where old Cam's oblivious stream
 Draws on with current muddy,
 See *Fellows* starting from their dream,
 And *Heads* from their brown study.

Welsh Parsons now together pull,
 Scar'd by stern H——y's rating;;
 (Tho' much I fear the Prelate's *Bull*:
 Will get a curfed baiting.

© could I praise, in Sternhold's lays,
 The Hampton Corporation,
 That sprigs of bays might deck always
 Those sages of the nation!

Stout Warwickshire next takes the field;
 And musters all her sons : more
 Than when his sword brave Guy did wield!
 Against the *cow* of *Dunsmore*.

Let High Church friends stand firmly fast,
 And prop the Crown and Mitre;
 They need not fear the threaten'd blast
 Of Priestley's grains of nitre.

This time, at least, our tottering house:
 Will stand the shock, believe it;
 Or else the rats and Sir J—n R——e—
 Would run away and leave it.

IMITATION OF A SPANISH ELEGIAC SONNET OF
GARCILASSO DELLA VEGA.

" O hade executivo en mis dolores."

O Cruel fate! that from a tree so fair,
The pride, the wonder of the plains around,
Could flowers and fruit in one fell moment tear,
And strew, unpitying, on the thankless ground..

Her infant loves have met an early doom ;
Lost are my hopes, and all I priz'd below,
Now breathless lies within this narrow tomb,
Deaf to my plaints, regardless of my woe.

These streaming tears, thou dear departed shade,
For thy pale corse possess no quick'ning power ;
Yet shall the mournful tribute still be paid,
And fast, tho' fruitless, fall the constant shower ::

Till welcome death, with lenient hand, restore
Its wonted peace to my enamour'd breast,
Close these sad eyes that view thee here no more,
And those unseal that shall behold thee blest !

SONNET,

SONNET,

ON SEEING MRS. MERRY IN THE ROAD TO RUIN,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HOLCROFT, ESQ.

CHILD of Simplicity, sweet changeling, say,
Where did'st thou learn thy native woodland lay?
Or how, by quite forgetting trick and art,
Thus find new ways to captivate the heart?

Where had'st thou hid thy sceptre, crown, and globe;
Thy poniard, poison'd bowl, and ermin'd robe?
Or how thy ghastly terrors, pomp, and pride,
For Ease and Nature, hast thou thrown aside?

Attentive Theatres, with glow divine,
Of good Grandma', and faithful Valentine,
And spring-tide twenty-one, sit mute to hear;
Then, while thou plead'st for pity, truth, and love,
Their hands applauding what their hearts approve,
They feel the frequent smile subdue the frequent tear;

THE PATRIOT FAIR,

A SONG.

By the late CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

OF PEMBROKE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE *.

WHEN young, and artless as the lamb,
That plays aroud the fondling dam,
Brisk, buxom, pert, and filly,
I slighted all the manly swains,
And put my virgin heart in chains:
For simple, smock-fac'd Billy.

But when experience came with years,
And rais'd my hopes, and quell'd my fears,
My blood grew blithe and bonny;
I turn'd off ev'ry beardless youth,
And gave my love, and fix'd my truth
On honest sturdy Johnny.

But when at wake I saw the 'Squire,
For lace I felt a new desire,
Fond to outshine my Mammy;
I sigh'd for fringes, frogs, and beaus,
And pig-tail'd wigs, and powder'd clothes,
And filken Master Sammy.

* Not inserted in his works.

For riches next I felt a flame,
 When to my cot old Gripus came:
 To hold an am'rous parley;
 For music now I chanc'd to burn,
 And fondly listen'd in my turn
 To warbling, quavering Charley..

Thus all alike, the fools and wits,
 Fops, fidlers, foreigners, and cits,
 All charm'd me by rotation;
 Then learn from me, ye patriot fair,
 Ne'er make one single man your care,
 But sigh for all the nation.

LINES

ADDED BY MR. HASTINGS TO MICKLE'S LUSIAD.

In the Tenth Book of the Lusiad of Camoens, the Goddess predicts to Gama the future Conquests of the Portuguese in India. After detailing the heroic Actions of Pacheco, she laments his Fate in the following Passage, to which Mr. Hastings continuing the Predictions to his own Times, added the succeeding Lines, which are distinguished by inverted Commas.

THE lofty song, for paleness o'er her spread,
 The nymph suspends, and bows the languid head;
 Her faltering words are breath'd in plaintive sighs,
 Ah! Belisarius! injur'd chief, she cries,

Ah!

Ah! wipe thy tears ; in war thy rival see,
 Godlike Pacheco falls despoil'd like thee ;
 In him, in thee, dishonour'd Virtue bleeds,
 And Valour weeps to view her fairest deeds ;
 Weeps o'er Pacheco where forlorn he lies,
 Deep in the dungeon's gloom, and friendless dies,
 " Yet shrink not, gallant Lusian, nor repine
 " That man's eternal destiny is thine !
 " Where'er success th' advent'rous chief befriends,
 " Fell malice on his parting step attends ;
 " On Britain's candidates for fame await,
 " As now on thee, the stern decrees of fate.
 " Thus are Ambition's fondest hopes o'er-reach'd,
 " One dies *imprison'd*,—and one lives *impeach'd* ! ”

EPIGRAMS,

UPON A LATE PROMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

IF praises, fulsomely bestow'd,
 Disgrace the flatt'ers who confer 'em ;
 Alas ! how *dirty* is the road
 Which leads from Sal'sbury to Durham !

EPIGRAMS,

UPON A LATE PROMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

HIS *mitred front*, when Sarum rears,
Exalting to his brother Peers
Pitt's wife Administration;
The Bishop's meaning few can doubt,
But those who do, may make it out,
By help of *a translation*.

WITH no mean view I give my vote,
Cries Barrington, the Independent;
While speaking, was his view remote?
Oh, yes! for Durham was the end on't.

I OWN, says Shute,
To gain my suit,
At Shelburne's door I waited;
But since those days,
(In different ways)
We both have been *translated*.

EPIGRAMS,

UPON A LATE PROMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN.

WHENCE all this rage, my Lord, with me?
Your warmth of temper is surprising;
I only said, you seem'd to be
The better of your *early rising*.

BISHOPS there are, as some folks say,
Who in their stalls, both night and day,
Do little more than slumber:
But sure, if Lansdown's tale be true,
No man alive will reckon you,
My Lord, amongst the number.

EPIGRAMS,

UPON A LATE PROMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

I Am contented with my lot,
 Exclaims a *younger brother*?
 One Bishopric from me you got,
 Says Lansdown, and are now so hot,
 Because you want another.

TWO namesakes, expert in a different way,
 With so active a zeal did bestir 'em,
 That one is *transported* to Botany Bay,
 The other *translated* to Durham.

TO vote with Minister or King,
 Which, think ye, is the wisest thing
 To get preferment faster?
 One Bishop can this point expound,
 Who, having try'd them both, has found
 The man the better master.

HOWE'ER the Bishop storm'd and bluster'd,
 The Marquis was not wrong, they say;
 For had his Lordship not been *muster'd*,
 He could not have receiv'd his *pay*.

EPIGRAM,

UPON A LATE PROMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

MY Lord, said Jenky, when the Church
Left him and Thurlow in the lurch,
Why don't you keep 'em tighter?
Why don't you see, you stupid dog,
Quoth Thurlow, that they're all agog
To get my brother's mitre?

HORACE, ODE II. B. III. FIRST PART, IMITAT.

"Angustam Amici, pauperiem pati," &c.

OUR hardy youth, inur'd to bear
The extremes of summer's fervid air,
And brave a wintry sky,
If Liberty their aid demand,
Shall combat in her foremost band,
Or well-lamented die.

Thus Ludlow once her battle led,
Bold Sidney labour'd, Hamden bled,
To check a Tyrant's reign;

Hope-

Hopeless his haughty Queen retir'd,
For zeal each patriot bosom fir'd,
And courtly arts were vain.

Thus on Columbia's happy shore,
When Britons, in a frantic hour,
Spread war's infernal flame,
Brave Washington her champion stood,
And bore, e'en from the field of blood,
A wreath of civic fame.

So, Gallia, may thy legions prove
The force of Freedom's generous love,
Beyond a Despot's hire,
Tho' Tyrants quit their tott'ring thrones,
And, join'd with thy ignobler sons
In guilty leagues conspire.

Kind slumbers seal the warrior's eyes,
Who in a virtuous conflict dies,
While fame inscribes his urn,
And calls thro' many a distant age,
The aspiring youth, and hoary sage,
The hero deeds to learn.

But tho' the abject, coward soul,
Stoop to oppression's fell control,
From death no arts can save;

He

He falls without a patriot's praise,
 Without a country's love to raise
 Her tribute on his grave.

October 5, 1792.

J. T. R.

HOW 'TO WRITE ONE'S OWN LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

I Learn, from the advertisements in the papers, that the public are again to be amused by the most impartial and wonderful pieces of Biography, in which the *author* and his *subject* are to be *one flesh*. I cannot help thinking, Sir, that this is a better plan than some grave critics are disposed to allow. When a man writes his own life, he has these advantages: he, I may suppose, has some tolerable acquaintance with his subject, a thing which has been formerly thought necessary in writing: and, Sir, he will prevent an improper use of his remains; such a use, for instance, as has been made of my old friend Dr. Johnson, who, like a whale cast upon one of our coasts, is first shewn to the public at a shilling a head, and then the blubber is sold for what it will fetch. But not to expatiate on the various uses of *self-life-writing*, I am to inform you, that for sundry *weighty* reasons I am determined to write my own life,
 and

and I send you this letter, that you may, by inserting it, announce to the public what they are to expect.

My plan was to be in one respect different from the common; the common practice is to say every thing that is good of one's self—now, I meant to say nothing but what is bad, very bad indeed; and I had no sooner formed this resolution, than I sat down to my labours; but judge my surprize, when, on reviewing my past life, I could not discover any one thing that was worth committing to paper; not an action that would even form a casualty-paragraph in a country newspaper. What was to be done in such a dilemma? I looked for precedents, and found what I wanted.—I found, Oh! glorious discovery! that when a man writes his own life, he is to put as little of his own life into it as possible, and is to cram his pages with every thing else that old magazines, old newspapers, old songs, and Old Bailey trials, can furnish him with. Spirit of modern Biography! I thank thee.

The Memoirs therefore of “ME, written by MYSELF,” shall embrace such a fund, such a bundle, such a heap, such a cartload of variegated variety, as no work of the kind ever contained. Contemporaries, tremble! for ye shall add to my store. Private friends, beware! for I will drag you from your obscurity. Pope Pius and Tip-

poo Saib, come forth! for ye must add to my life. Old Kate of the North, even you must swell my sheets.

I propose, after giving a decent account of my parents, (if I can recollect them) to pass to the school in which I was educated, and give a biography of all my fellow scholars, from the earliest accounts to the present time. This cannot fail to fill up at least one volume, Some I shall place in reputable shops, whence they rose to high city honours, and died suddenly after eating a hearty dinner; some I shall raise to be secretaries to great men, and state all the tricks they played “under the rose;” some I shall send to foreign parts, to acquire riches, honour, liver-complaints, and the curses of their country; some are to pass into the church, and without as much religion as will lie in the corner of their eye, shall rise to great preferment; some will be drowned in an evil hour: some fall from their horses, and a few will no doubt be hanged.

Coming into public life, my travels will form a very interesting article—Topographical anecdotes of inns—distant views of larders—dissertations on damp sheets—handsome chambermaids and broken-knee’d horses—surprising accounts of stage-coachmen—footpads—justices of peace, and turnpike-collectors. All these will give an importance to my life. The critics will say, “Bless me, what a deal he has met with.”—“Ay,” cry the ladies, “and how he could go through
“ it

"it all;"—yet, Lord help 'em, I am, like my brother biographers, no more than the pack-thread which ties these articles together.

If I am at a stand-still for "*nonnunquam bonus dor-
mitat,*" &c. I will pop into a certain great Assembly, and do the speakers all round. Here I shall have an opportunity for the blazing brilliance of descriptive decoration. But my great object must be the *taverns*—I shall give an account of every dinner I eat—what it consisted of—whether under or overdone—and the conversation that passed.—Genius of Boswell, I adore thee!—But here I am tempted to copy a leaf of my life—

"April 1. Dined at the Shakespeare. A. 'The wine is good.' C. 'Fill your glasses.' B. 'Yes, Sir.' D. 'They are all filled.' E. 'Your toast, Sir.' F. 'The single married, and the married happy.' G. 'That is an excellent toast.' H. 'So it is.' I. 'Gentlemen, have you all drank it?' K. 'All on my side.' L. 'And mine.'

Conversation like this gives one a good idea of the characters of the party, but I shall assist the reader by a few biographical notices of each. Tom and Dick, and Jack and Bill, shall not be forgot—they shall all contribute to my *life*.

Volume sixth and seventh I propose to devote to the theatres. If I don't find biography there, I know not where to find it. I have already indeed such a fund—but I must tell you of an unpleasant affair which happened to me at the beginning of the season.

Stepping up to an actress of some note, I whispered in her ear;

“Ma'am, I want to *do* you.”

“Do me, Sir! what do you mean?”

“Oh! Ma'am—only a few hints—”

“Hints! Sir—”

“Yes, Ma'am—As what is your right name? Was you ever married? Who keeps you now? Who kept you last year? Who will keep you next? Had you ever any children by Mr. A.—or any by Mr. B, or Mr. C, D, E, F, G, or H?—your *life*, Ma'am, your *life*.”

Here she screamed out *murder*—and in five minutes I found myself at the Brown Bear—one swore I had attempted murder—another deponent accused me of a rape—but on protesting my innocence, the mob rescued me from a false conception of their own. “D—n me,”
said

said one of them, "I honour you for standing up for a
"one shilling gallery."

To return to my life—I think I have already given you such an idea of the copiousness of my materials, that you cannot doubt my being able to raise a tolerable subscription. In conducting the latter, I shall not proceed, as my predecessors have done, by publishing a long list of names that are to be found in my life—but I shall give a promissory note to each of my subscribers, binding myself to introduce them in some shape or other into the body of my work. The public will thence see the necessity of subscribing early, as the sooner and the more that subscribe, the more full, entertaining, and interesting will my life be.

To the practice of writing one's own life, there is, indeed, one objection, and that of a very serious nature. It is said, and my subscribers may perhaps say it—"Your life, Mr. Ego, is a very pleasant and charming thing, but it is imperfect, you have not *finished* it." Now of all things I hate an imperfect book. I was once *taken in* this way myself: "Sir," said I to the bookseller, "this book is imperfect, it has neither beginning nor ending."—Then, Sir," answered the fellow, "it is a great bargain, for it is *infinite*."—But to return to the objection; how is it to be obviated? What avails it to write one's life, if one cannot finish it! If

another man must complete the work!—Nay, I have known where *twelve men* have been employed in finishing an admirable piece of biography, nor could they do it without *agreeing among themselves*. I profess I am puzzled how to get over this objection, but I promise the public that I will consider it very deliberately. In the mean time I have to observe, that if some of those ladies and gentlemen who have written their lives had attended more to the finishing of them, or if they had been properly finished by others, the world would have had no great reason to complain.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your most obedient servant,

EGO IPSE MEI.

P. S. I had forgot to mention one thing. The work is to be printed on an extra superfine wire-wove paper, hot pressed, and is to be embellished with full-length, full breadth, and circular engravings of men and things immortalized in my life.

LIBERTY:

LIBERTY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ἔ μέγας δὲ κινδύ—

νος ἀναλκιν ἔ φῶ—

τα λαμβάνει.

Pindar. Olymp. 1.

O Nomen dulce Libertatis! CICERO.

By CHARLES CRAWFORD, Esq.

FIRST STROPHE.

TAKE, O Muse! the breathing lyre,
And sweep with manly strength each full-ton'd string;
With bold but well-attemper'd fire,
Waking its ecstasy, of freedom sing.
Freedom, fair Freedom, sprang from Heav'n,
From the Supreme to man 'twas giv'n;
He bade him to no tyrant bow,
And, save himself, no Master know;
If not that Master * by the people's voice,
By their free and general choice,
Their delegated scepter wield,
And the celestial gift 'tis sacrilege to yield.

* The author means to write against a despotic and not a limited monarchy.

FIRST ANTISTROPHE.

O immortal Pow'r divine !
 'Tis thine the agonies of grief to soothe,
 And cheer forlorn despair ; 'tis thine
 The tort'ring bed of ruthless pain to smooth.
 And thou can'st elevate the mind,
 With ev'ry gen'rous thought refin'd,
 To the sublimest action raise,
 Which lives in wide and deathless praise.
 In low debasing vice will slav'ry live,
 But Thou and Virtue blended thrive ;
 Estrang'd from thy auspicious plan,
 Not wretched only, but contemptible were man.

FIRST EPODE.

His daughter thee, th' eternal erst,
 Among his darling people nurst.
 Nor less did his illustrious son,
 The glorious heav'n-born blessing own.
 To form on equal rules the plan
 He taught, which fastens man to man ;
 That all who feel th' ethereal fire,
 Are sons alike of one great fire.
 O ! could the doctrines which he deign'd impart,
 Not on the tongue be settled, but the heart,

No

No more the sons of Africa oppress,
 In servitude and ignorance should pine,
 But when by freedom animate and blest,
 Of Genius also know the flame divine;
 Then should the cheerless desert * raise her voice,
 And, like the fragrant rose, should blossom and rejoice.

SECOND STROPHE.

Thou rais'd th' Athenian name;
 In war † as arts, inspir'd by thee, they shone,
 And gain'd the pinnacle of fame;
 Thou gave the bright success at Marathon.
 'Twas thy dread spirit then possesst,
 With pow'rful rage that swell'd each breast;
 And strang each arm with finewy force,
 To check th' invading tyrant's course.
 From thy enthusiasm, elevate, sublime,
 As fierce as fire, as fix'd as time,
 Each soldier like a hero dar'd,
 And the illustrious chiefs like demigods appear'd.

* See Jeremiah, chap. 24.

† The Athenians, however, committed some horrible cruelties in war.

SECOND ANTISTROPHE.

Nor less at th' auspicious straits
 Thy genuine holy valour flam'd, to aid
 Of leagu'ing Greece the sister states,
 Where Æschylus his country's warriors led,
 O name, deserving high regard ! *
 A patriot ! and a laurel'd bard !
 The Muse will oft to glory fire,
 Sublimest purposes inspire.
 There the fam'd Spartan, with a little band,
 Unnumber'd thousands dar'd withstand,
 (For virtue force unequal braves !)
 And baff'd for a while the Persian's fear-struck slaves.

SECOND EPODE.

How did of old majestic Rome
 The green and untorn laurels bloom !
 What heroes, sages, she display'd,
 Her sages when her consuls sway'd !

* Though I think there is something noble, considering his situation, in the Tragedies of Æschylus, yet I am no advocate for a modern theatre. Christianity and reason forbid it. In Ephesus, where Paul planted the Gospel, and where there was a magnificent theatre, the first Christians made a warm opposition to theatrical representations. They cause great irregularities, especially in lower life.

And,

And when, if aught 'gainst thee were aim'd;
 The tribune, trumpet-tongu'd *, proclaim'd,
 Th' unhallow'd deed with spreading fire,
 And rous'd th' avenging people's ire.
 But when enerv'ing luxury had broke
 Her vig'rous spirit to th' imperial yoke,
 Their fair leaves then her verdant laurels droop'd;
 Or in mad violence were rudely rent;
 And she to basest profligacy stoop'd,
 Greedy of vices, as to slav'ry bent;
 And of that universe the scorn became,
 Whose wonder she had rais'd by her obstrep'rous fame;

THIRD STROPHE.

Let the slow-wing'd bird of night,
 For so by thrifty nature 'twas design'd,
 Hating the genial beams of light,
 Be to his vile obscurity confin'd:
 Let him to vent'rous action loth,
 Obscenely droop in dreaming sloth.
 But 'tis the eagle's part to mount
 Up to the day's fire-darting fount,
 With his energetic wings the clouds to spurn,
 And then, when far above them borne,
 With fearless and fix'd eyes to gaze
 On the majestic sun in his meridian blaze.

* Provoco ad populum.

THIRD ANTISTROPHE.

What monuments of proud gold,
 To firm and gen'rous patriots should we raise!
 For their diffusive virtue bold,
 The muse should give them to eternal praise.
 Such was the wise Nassau, who broke
 The gloomy Spaniard's galling yoke,
 And rais'd deprest Batavia's Name
 To wealth, to freedom, and to fame.
 The eagle * such, of the same daring nest,
 Who rescu'd Britain when oppress'd;
 And where a bigot tyrant sway'd,
 The hallow'd banner of just liberty display'd.

THIRD EPODE.

But Britain off, O nymph belov'd!
 Thy spirit-stirring voice hath mov'd;

* There was something truly noble and magnanimous in William the Third. He says, among other things, to the English gentry, who first went to him at Exeter, "You see we are come, according to your invitation and our promise. Our duty to God obliges us to protect the Protestant Religion, and our love to mankind your liberties and properties—it is our principle and resolution rather to die in a good cause than live in a bad one; well knowing that virtue and true honour is its true reward, and the happiness of mankind our great and only design." Lord Somers on Government, p. 126.

Then

Then most from John, when she obtain'd,
 The sacred deed which pow'ér restrain'd;
 A deed that's fraught with latent good,
 That merits being understood,
 That gives no licence to confine
 The debtor *, in a jail to pine.

* Nullus liber homo capiatur vel imprisonetur nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum. Magna Charta. See Considerations on the Law of Insolvency, with a Proposal for a Reform, by James Bland Burges, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. Some may conceive, that the scheme to prevent, at the first, the arrest of Debtors, upon the mere oath of the party interested, is romantic and visionary. At all events, however, I think, that when a debtor, who has not acted fraudulently, will surrender all he is worth to his creditors, it is wrong to keep him in jail. The state of Pennsylvania has long acted upon this humane and wise principle. But the glorious circumstances in which America should be imitated by Britain, and all the nations of the world, are the having no established church, and the unlimited toleration which is granted in the United States to all sects of religion. It has been thought by some, that these circumstances would injure the cause of true religion, and would produce incessant contentions. On the contrary, they have been found the most favourable to the cause of religion and peace. The payment of tithes is a violation of religious freedom, and a disgrace to England. In Scotland they are happily free from this badge of Slavery as well as in America. France has also lately shaken it off. It is to be confessed, however, that in America there may be danger from the unlimited indulgence which is given to the Roman Catholics. Some salutary, prudent restraint, and no other, should be laid upon them, to prevent their overturning the government, where fears of such a proceeding are rationally to be entertained.

O Bri-

O Britain! form'd by Nature's partial hand,
 The seat of Arts, renown'd, delightful land!
 Think oft upon the fame of ancient Rome,
 Whose eagles to remotest regions flew;
 And learn this lesson from her awful doom,
 That the same judgements the same crimes pursue;
 The God who her chastis'd may not spare thee;
 Revere his laws, give others freedom, and be free.

FOURTH STROPHE.

Dire superstition aim'd
 An influence eternal o'er the mind;
 A privilege from Heav'n she claim'd
 To lord it uncontrol'd o'er all mankind.
 The sword, the jail, the rack she us'd,
 All Nature's dearest rights abus'd;
 Against her cries she shut her ears,
 Wading through seas of blood and tears.
 At length she made the blasphemous pretence,
 Which shocks each principle of sense,
 That equal rev'rence should be giv'n
 To her tribunal, as to that august of Heav'n.

FOURTH ANTISTROPHE.

But now, O pestilent pow'r!
 Of man, the scourge, the tempter, and the snare,

Is coming thy appointed hour,
 Thy priests no longer their assignments bear,
 Over thy sad devoted land,
 The fierce avenging angel's hand
 Is rais'd, destruction wide to spread,
 Nor will, *it is enough*, be said,
 That city till, of tyranny the nurse,
 Feel in th' extreme the blasting curse;
 Till o'er her streets, a ruin'd heap*,
 Forlorn the owl shall cry, and hideous satyrs leap.

FOURTH

* Almost every commentator of eminence upon Scripture supposes, that the living and visible city of Rome will be made desolate after the 1260 years of papal usurpation are expired. They differ about the time when these years are to expire. The celebrated historian Thuanus tells us, that about the time of Henry the Fourth, of France, many supposed the day was then come wherein the papal power would be finally abolished. The same hopes were entertained about the time of William the third of England. It is natural to anticipate the day of its destruction: wisdom, however, should instruct us, not to attempt the final destruction of the papal power till the time is fully ripe. If 1260 years are determined by the prophets of the Almighty for the usurpation of the papal power, that power cannot longer continue; and in a premature attempt to extirpate it we may be overwhelmed with ridicule and ruin. It is said in Revelations, "And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate, and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire. For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the

FOURTH EPODE.

How has the wild fanatic race
 Of Mahomet, O foul disgrace!
 Tormented all the Christian world!
 How their incessant vengeance hurl'd!
 How our free children have they borne,
 From all life's sweetest comforts torn,
 To labour at the oar in chains,
 Or feel the whip's corroding pains!

"the words of God shall be fulfilled. And the woman which
 "thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of
 "the earth." Chap. xvii. ver. 16. 17, 18. In the same chapter
 it is said, "And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings."
 Ver. 12. And a little before, "The seven heads are seven
 "mountains on which the woman sitteth." Ver. 9. It seems
 here to be plainly foretold, that the various empires which for-
 merly supported the power of Rome, (which is seated on seven
 mountains) shall, after a certain time, be the instruments of its
 destruction. The King of France, who was called the eldest son
 of the church, has lately annihilated, or has been made to annihi-
 late, the papal power in his dominions. When Spain, Portugal,
 Naples, Poland, Venice, &c. follow the footsteps of France, then
 it would be prudent for those who are in Rome to fly from it as
 hastily as they can. See my Observations upon the Downfal of
 the Papal Power, and the consequent Events.

But

But not far distant is the glorious time*,
The day foretold by ancient seers sublime,

* "And the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots and with horsemen, and with many ships." Daniel, chap. xi. ver. 40. The idea of maintaining a balance of power in Europe, is in many respects deserving of commendation, provided it does not militate against the fulfilment of the prophecies. Our Saviour himself said, "I am not come to destroy the prophets, but to fulfil." It will appear, if we attend to Daniel, to be certainly foretold, that Russia should overcome the Turks at an appointed time. It would be wise, one would think, in the Christian powers, at the arrival of this time, (which I think will be immediately after the annihilation of the papal power) to co-operate with the Russians, and to conquer some of the Turkish provinces for themselves, that the power of Russia might not be too far aggrandized. The power of the Turks and of the Barbary states may, *in some measure*, be immediately abridged. It is difficult to say how far. There is a certain odious crime, the disgrace of humanity, to which the Turks are extravagantly addicted. This, with their belief in predestination, I conceive to be the causes of that incessant plague which desolates their dominions. For their high criminality in this respect, see "Aron Hill's Travels into the Ottoman Empire, &c. p. 80. See Robertson's edition of Salmon's Geographical Grammar, p. 422. See Fitt's Account of the Mahometans, p. 26. See The Present State of the Ottoman Empire, by Paul Ricaut, p. 111. See the Work of Elias Habesci on the Ottoman Empire, in various places. See Cornille Le Bruyn's Travels, p. 101, 102. See various other authors. The elegant Busbequius says of it, "Quod nefas Turcia familiare." Epistol. p. 156.

When

When Russia, like a whirlwind, shall o'erthrow
 Their forces numberless, when in the rear,
 Of this invet'rate and intrepid foe,
 The hungry vulture hov'ring in the air,
 Shall ask, in screams, their carcases for food,
 And not to part from thence till drunken with their blood.

EPILOGUE.

*Written by a young Gentleman of Bridgwater, and spoken
 in the Character of Violante, in the Comedy of the
 Wonder. The Play was acted by Desire of the Union
 Lodge in Exeter.*

YE, who possess that secret, which to gain
 We oft have sued—as often sued in vain;
 Ye whom th' entreaties of the fair you love
 In some soft moment, never yet could move,
 Once more with you, the Brethren of the Union,
 Our injur'd sex claims full and free communion.
 Nay, after what you've heard and seen to-night,
 We ask no favour—we demand our right;
 Since neither fear, nor shame, nor love, could wrest
 The sacred trust from *Violante's* breast.
 And let me tell you, Sirs, the trial's such,
 I doubt you'd squeak, were you press'd half so much.

Well!

Well then—out with your secret—what, all dumb?
 Will you accept of us?—Dence take your mum.
 I vow these Masons are mere Turkish fools,
 Who dare believe we women have no souls;
 And yet I'm sure, amongst 'em all who flout us,
 Not one can fancy paradise without us.
 But henceforth, if they still deny our merit,
 We'll show them, if no soul—we have a spirit.
 'Tis plainly all a plot against your wives,
 But we shall lead your worships blessed lives.
 Ye who so gay abroad with aprons roam,
 May, sadly, find the breeches worn at home;
 Masters of Lodges, not so of their houses,
 May read their treas'rous lectures 'gainst their spouses;
 But say, ye gallant sons of architecture,
 Could we not match you with a—curtain-lecture?
 Should this not mend you, we such tricks may show,
 As did the sex some thousand years ago.
 The ladies then, (who dare the fact dispute;)
 As now were curious—and ye men as mute.
 At length, beyond all female patience grown,
 They constituted Lodges of their own;
 Had their own words, and signs, and (doubtless) jewels,
 Aprons, and squares, and compasses, and trowels;
 Nay, arm'd with sword and buckler to defy 'em,
 And murder'd ev'ry male who ventur'd nigh 'em.
 How 'twould affright you, mute masonic Dons,
 Should we revive the Lodge of Amazons!

Hea-

Heavens!—neither promise, threat, nor love, prevails,
 Indeed!—and will you Masons ne'er tell tales?
 Faith, then, I'll own it, (and 'tis but just t'ye)
 Since you're so close—why, we may safely trust ye;
 For sure (my lovely sisters) They alone
 Can keep *our* secrets—who can keep their *own*.

The Mayor of Bridgewater having refused a Strolling Company Leave to act there, the following Prologue was written by a young Gentleman of that Town, and given to one of the Actors to speak.

DANG'ROUS ('tis oft, alas!) and truly sad,
 Is this same slipp'ry path we actors tread;
 The furly critics snarl, the coxcombs sneer,
 The catcalls thunder grating on the ear;
 Or what still more, for all our patience calls,
 Cold empty houses, and bare naked walls;
 These common evils of our occupation.
 We bear (God knows) with Christian resignation,
 But should some May'r, foe to the spouting trade,
 In all the pomp of magistracy clad,
 Arm'd with his *posse-comitatus*, come,
 And with his mighty fiat strike us dumb;
 What *can* we do; Oh! sad alternative!
Justice forbids, but *Nature* bids us live.

There

There *Justice* says—be silent without meat;
 Here *Nature* cries—open your mouths and eat;
Justice must pardon, if we under-rate her,
 But a good actor always follows *Nature*.
 —Besides, shall petty magistrates presume
 To stint *us*, Kings and Queens, in elbow room?
 Shall Princes stoop to Sessions' jurisdiction,
 And heroes sink to vagrants on conviction?
 Must wit be so retail'd by licence here,
 As pot-houses are licens'd for small beer?
 Then may we see (gods! would it be endur'd!)
Hamlet and *Lear* by constables secur'd,
Ozmin confin'd by real bolts and locks,
 And royal *Tamerlane* set fast in stocks;
 The fair *Ophelia* beating hemp in jail,
 And proud *Roxana* whipt at the cart's tail.
 Oh! all ye powers of verse, avert the deed!
 Forbid it, *Phœbus*, ev'ry *Muse* forbid!
 At the sad thought e'en Comedy turns pale,
 And Tragedy sinks breathless at the tale.
 Come then, ye kindlier souls, whose hearts benign
 Welcome to-night the wand'ring travellers in;
 Your jurisdiction at this bar we own,
 And here submitting to this court alone:
 At the tribunal of this little Drury,
 Acknowledge *you* our lawful judge and jury;
 And should this Bench, with wonted candour hear us,
 Their solemn verdict shall commit or clear us.

—Ye

—Ye fair, were *you* our advocates the while,
 To plead our cause, with one soft winning smile,
 This court with power surely must acquit us,
 And no inferior power will dare commit us.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE
 PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF DAVID KEGWIN.

On his passage from Calais to Dover, sailing alone in the open Boat, called The Poor Man's All, burthen about five Tons, formerly a large Ship's Long Boat, rose upon with a Loop Stern; she had then a Jib, Foresail, a Sprit Main-sail, and a Sprit Mizzen.

I Came out of Calais Pier about half past one o'clock P. M. on Sunday October the 9th, 1791, with a fresh gale at south, steering the direct course for Dover, and in about an hour, finding the gale increased, I brailed up the mizen, but the sea running very high, and the wind coming to blow hard, I hawled the fore sheet a weather to lay the boat to; finding her unable to lay to under this sail, I let go the main and fore sheets, hawled aft the jib sheet to prevent her from coming about, and ran forward, hawled down the fore sail, brailed up the main sail, hawled the sheet aft, and laying to under this snug sail; the boat was at first very lively, but labouring hard in the sea, soon after sprung a leak; when,
 taking

taking to my pump, I worked hard till my gutter was washed overboard, and my pump became thereby useless; I bailed her till the water gained so fast, that the boat being unable to rise to the sea, shipped a heavy sea, and went down stern foremost; upon this unfortunate event, I should have gone if I had not got on a spare yard, and supported myself, in this dreadful situation, till the boat having shot her ballast out, rose with her bow about two inches out of water, on which (though I declare I could never swim before) I swam to her, and getting astride her bow, I held fast by the gunnel, she laying on her broadside, with her bowsprit out of water. I thus supported myself, however, about two hours and a half, when a packet, which I have since learned was the King George, out of Calais-road, came within a quarter of a mile of me; I called out as loud as I could, and waved my hat, but, being almost spent, could make nobody hear or see me, for the sea was so high, that I was almost as much under as above the water; my hopes were now all over, being about half seas across, and having been driven against the bowsprit several times, though I was kept by it on the wreck till I was almost exhausted, and my strength nearly gone. After the packet was out of my sight, I saw a brig going to the back of the Goodwin Sands, but it grew so hazy and thick with the rain, that I lost sight of her directly, and could neither find voice, for that was gone, nor make any signal so as to be noticed;

I then,

I then, as the night coming on put an end to all hopes, gave myself up, and had only to look for death!—when casting my eyes around, I saw, over my right shoulder, a Deal boat at, I believe, about a quarter of a mile distance; I waved my hat to them with one hand as well as I could, holding the gunnel with the other as fast as my strength would allow, but in doing this I was driven off again against the bowsprit: I luckily, however, throughout preserved my hat, which I took care to attend to very particularly, and being deep in the crown I never had it washed off, though I was often under water, as the wet made it stick on my head the faster. The Deal boatmen, as they told me afterwards, on their first noticing my appearance, took me, by resemblance, to be a large fish's fin; but one of them took the glass, and said it was a smack sunk, for he saw the vane at the mast head, which was the waving of my hat. Upon the third sight with the glass, the man who looked through it immediately called ast, For God's sake hard a weather, for it's a wreck with a man upon it; on which they instantly ran down as near as they could, lowered the foresail, and rowed to me, but the sea at that time running so very heavy over me, they thought it impossible to save me; however, after being in this dreadful situation, between three and four hours, which I have, as well as I could, given a true account of, I was, by the assistance of these boatmen, to which, with the mercy of God, I owe my life and preservation,

tion, picked up about fix o'clock at night. They shifted me dry, gave me nourishment, and every kind treatment, and carried me safe on shore at Deal.

DAVID KEGWIN.

THE EPISTLE OF PENELOPE TO ULYSSES,

FROM THE

FIRST EPISTLE OF OVID.

TRANSLATED BY

HENRY SIDDONS.

THIS to her hero, flow to ease her pain,
 Penelope commits to cross the watry main;
 Take not the *pen* to ease my fierce alarms,
 But bring *yourself*, an answer to my arms.
 The ivy-mantled tow'rs of Troy profound,
 Now stretch'd in mighty ruin press the ground;
 Yet, all her legions clad in glittering steel,
 Would scarcely recompence the pangs I feel.
 O how I wish the raging torrent's force
 Had *whelm'd* the traitor in his fatal course,
 When first by *love*, and *guilty passion* led,
 * The *curs'd adulterer* foil'd the Spartan bed!

* Alluding to Paris, who being sent on an embassy to Sparta, found means to seduce Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and convey her to his own country. Menelaus, stung by the affront, raises an army against the Trojans, and a ten years siege is the consequence.

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L

Then

Then had not I by struggling fancies torn,
 Press'd my cold touch of every hope forlorn;
 Then had not I, to pale-ey'd grief a prey,
 Watch'd the slow moments of the lingering day,
 Nor had the dancing threads upon the loom,
 Deny'd to shorten the nocturnal gloom.
 Woes more than *possible* engage my cares,
 For love's a thing compos'd of doubts and fears.
 Now rushing on, I view the sanguine train;
 And Hector's name awakens every pain.
 And when of dead * *Antilochus* I hear,
 Pierc'd thro' the breast by the Hectorean spear,
 With shuddering limbs the story I pursue,
 Then screaming, think I see them murdering you.
 Or when fictitious arms deny'd to save,
 The lov'd † *Patroclus* from his destin'd grave;
 Or at the tidings of ‡ *Sarpedon's* force,
 My ebbing blood has left its natural course.
 These when I hear, a victim to despair,
 Can naught avail, I cry, against *devouring war*;
 Nay, every *chief*, by Trojan arms subdu'd,
 With shivering fear has curdl'd up my blood;

* *Antilochus*, a Grecian slain by Hector.

† *Patroclus* slain in the armour which was lent him by Achilles.

‡ The conquerer of *Hepolemus*. The fears which agitate the mind of *Penelope* for the safety of her husband, here most beautifully describe the anxiety of an affectionate wife.

But

But the kind God, who guards the nuptial state *,
 Has snatch'd my hero from the jaws of fate.
 Troy smokes, and conquering laurels crown your toil,
 Our chiefs return, effulgent in the spoil ;
 Our hallow'd fanes the bright rewards receive,
 And smiling matrons view their husbands LIVE.

Our warriors now with glowing ardour tell,
 How *Troy* by their united efforts fell ;
 Old age, with warp'd attention hears the tale,
 While smiling damsels wonder and grow pale,
 Hang on each *syllable* their hero speaks,
 And cast their snowy arms around their necks.

Here when the table's clear'd, some glowing knight
 Brings *Troy's* proud structures to the wond'ring sight,
 And as the *bowl* the generous juice imbibes,
 All † *Ilion's* wonders to his friend describes.
 Here awful *Priam* kept his throne sublime,
 And there *Achilles* lov'd to pass his time ;
 With straining nerve I hear them mark the spot,
 Where my *Ulysses* conquer'd as he fought :
 Here gurgled ‡ *Simois* thro' the daïsied mead,
 And there § *Sigeia* rais'd its towering head.

* Hymen.

† *Ilion*, a name for *Troy*.

‡ *Simois*, a river in *Troy*.

§ *Sigeia*, the land in which *Achilles* was buried in the *Trojan* territories.

'These snow-crown'd Nestor to your son relates,
 And sends him hence t' explore his father's fates;
 When he returns, the stripling brings me word
 Of * Rhesus conquer'd by the fatal sword;
 Who murder'd sleeping, gush'd a purple flood,
 Of † Dolon too, by stratagem subdu'd.
 Ah! too unmindful of your anxious wife,
 In Thracian camps to trust so dear a life;
 Against so many chiefs to wage the war,
 And only ‡ one th' Herculean task to share.
 But, oh dear wanderer! with more caution move,
 And e'er the dangers of the fight you prove,
 Reflect one moment on the wife you love.

O how my heart with anxious cares was rent,
 When first you fought the Thracian monarch's tent,
 Till Fame's loud trumpet bade me fear no more,
 And from their camps the captive steeds you bore.
 Yet I am still an alien to joy,
 And reap no 'vantage from the fates of Troy;
 Their turrets still for me might prop the skies,
 Since still *Ulysses* shuns these *aching eyes*.
 To crown the hopes of others rose the flame,
 But sad Penelope *is still the same*.

* Rhesus, a king of Thrace, killed by Diomedes and Ulysses in his tent.

† A Trojan, employed as a spy, and killed by Ulysses after he had been forced to betray the secrets of his camp.

‡ Diomedes.

Now

Now springs the yellow corn enrich'd with blood,
 Where once the cloud-capp'd tow'rs of *Ilion* stood.
 Half-buried bodies our rough ploughshares break,
 The waving grass conceals the bulky wreck;
 From *Troy* a conqueror *you* bent *your* way,
 Nor can we guess the cause of your delay;
 Nor may I know what region is so blest,
 As to enclose my *hero* in its breast.
 No ship has landed on our friendly coast,
 But with *your* fate each *moment* was engross'd.
 When you return, my fears that you are ill,
 To wake your love I press'd the downy quill;
 To *Nestor's* realms my messengers repair,
 Search *every* nook, but no *Ulysses* there.
 The Spartan region next my spies explore,
 But soon return uncertain as before.
 I had been blest, had *Ilion's* sacred tow'rs
 Still rose protected by th' immortal pow'rs.
 I may be angry, childish in my fears,
 But war alone had then engag'd my cares;
 But now, unknowing what I *most* should shun,
 A *thousand* different evils raise from *one*;
 A vast expanse of sorrow greets my sight,
 * Earth, sea, and air, give *equal* cause of fight.

* The anxiety of a lover in the absence of the object of one's affections, Ovid here pathetically describes.—

Quæcunq; æquor habet quæcunq; pencula telus,
 Tam longe causas suspicor esse moræ.

L. 3.

But

But ah! whilst I in silent anguish mourn,
 And pour forth pray'rs and tears for your return;
 You may, perhaps, forgetful of my name,
 To some *superior stranger* yield my claim:
 Or if a thought of *me* should reach your mind,
 You *jeer* the rustic *wife* you left behind,
 Whose humbled *disstaff* is her greatest care;
 This you relate to your exulting fair.
 O may these thoughts deceive my jealous eye!
 They do, they do, and like the winds they fly.

By thirst of lucre, now my father led,
 Commands me to desert my *widow'd* bed;
 Still let him chide, *Ulysses* is my *life*,
 And while I breathe I must be call'd—*his wife*.
 With pray'rs and sobs my melting fire I move,
 Who curbs the zeal of those who seek my love;
 Dulichians, Samians, and Zacynthians crowd,
 All breathe their impious vows of love aloud;
 With noisy revelry your roofs profane,
 And in your castle, unmolested reign.
 Why should I tell you of Pisandrus bold*,
 Medon, and Polybus, to pity cold;
 Eurymachus, and all th' infernal brood,
 Who waste your stores, and feed upon your blood:

* The story of Penelope's undoing by night the work she had performed by day, is a story so well known, that it would seem tedious to repeat it here. Pisandrus, &c. are these suitors.

E'en *Irus*, once the *meanest* of our *slaves*,
 Urges his passion, and my anger braves;
 The Goatherd too, to finish your disgrace,
Immense Melanthius, holds a *foremost* place:
 Three helpless wretches, here we drag our lives,
 And first *myself*, most destitute of wives;
 Laertes, and Telemachus, our joy,
 But some dark *scheme* has robb'd me of my boy.
 To ancient Pylos now his course he bends,
 Far from these walls and his unwilling friends.
 Grant this, ye pow'rs, *may* fate in order run,
 And give to close our eyes the darling son;
 This each domestic of the castle *craves*,
 The ancient nurse, his shepherd, and his slaves.
 Your fire *Laertes*, hast'ning to his end,
 No longer can by *arms* his rights defend:
 His foes, his threats and impotence *despise*,
 And waste his precious stores *before his eyes*.
 O may Telemachus, if yet he live,
 Blooming in health the needed succour give!
 I have not *strength* to force them back again—
 Come, my Ulysses, ease me of my pain:
 Drive these *devouring bloody sporters* hence;
 Thou art our prop, our altar, and defence.
 You whom our youthful progeny may claim,
 To point him early to the road of *fame*;
 View your poor fire, Laertes, ere he die,
 Who treads the utmost verge of *destiny*.

L 4.

I who,

I, who when last you clasp'd me in your arms,
(So time can change us) warm'd you with my charms;
Yet when returning, for *those charms* you seek,
Old age's wrinkles may deform my cheek.

SONG,

WRITTEN BY JAMES THOMSON,

IN HIS EARLY YEARS, AND AFTERWARDS SHAPED
FOR HIS AMANDA*.

From a MS. in the Collection of the Earl of Buchan.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the foul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone!
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude;

† Extracted from the Earl of Buchan's Lives of the Poets,
Thomson, and of Fletcher of Saltoun. Printed for J. Debrett.

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
To make us nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetters on!

ADDRESSED TO 'THE SHADE OF THOMSON,'

On crowning his Bust with a Wreath of Bays, 1791.

By ROBERT BURN.

(FROM THE SAME.)

I.

WHILE virgin spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green;
Or pranks the sod in frolic-mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

II.

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft delighted stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

III.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects her aged head,
And sees, with self approving mind,
Each creature on her bounty fed.

L. 5

IV.

IV.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping wild a waste of snows.

V.

So long, sweet poet of the year,
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
 While Scotia with exulting tear
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN'S INVITATION TO SIR JOHN
 SINCLAIR, OF ULBSTER, TO BE PRESENT AT THE
 FESTIVAL OF THOMSON. 1791.

(FROM THE SAME.)

SINCLAIR! thou phoenix of the frozen Thule!
 O shape thy course to Tweda's lovely stream,
 Whose lucid, sparkling, gently flowing course
 Winds like Ilissus through a land of song:
 Not as of old, when, like the Theban twins,
 Her rival children tore each other's breasts,
 And stain'd her silver wave with kindred blood:
 But proudly glittering through a happy land,
 The yellow harvests bend along her fields;
 The golden orchards glow with blushing fruits;

Green

Green are her pastoral banks, white are her flocks,
 That safely stray where barbarous Edward rag'd;
 And where the din of clashing arms was heard
 We hear the carols of the happy swains,
 Free as their lords, and with the purring looms,
 Hark, hark, the weaver's merry roundelay!
 The charming song of Scotland's better day:
 'Tis liberty, sweet liberty alone
 Can give a lustre to the northern sun.
 "Come when the virgin gives the beauteous days,
 "And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;"
 Come, and to Thomson's gentle shade repair,
 And pour libations to his virtuous muse,
 Where first he drew the flame of vital air,
 "Where first his feet did press the virgin snow,
 "And where he tun'd his charming Doric reed."
 Perhaps where Thomson fired the soul of song,
 Some voice may whisper in Æolian strains
 To him who, wandering near his parent stream,
 Shall o'er the placid blue profound of air
 Receive the genius of his passing shade.
 Come then, my Sinclair, leave empiric Pitt,
 And raging Burke, and all the hodge-podge fry
 Of Tory Whigs, and whiggish Tory knaves,
 And bathe thy genius in thy country's fame:
 Let Burke write pamphlets, and let Pitt declaim;
 Let us seek honour in our country's weal.

HUMOROUS EPISTLE OF THE POET THOMSON TO A
FRIEND, ON HIS TRAVELS.

(FROM THE SAME.)

December 7, 1742.

Trufty and well-beloved Dog,

HEARING you are gone abroad to see the world, as they call it, I cannot forbear, upon this occasion, transmitting you a few thoughts.

It may seem presumption in me to pretend to give you any instruction ; but you must know, that I am a dog of considerable experience. Indeed I have not improved so much as I might have done, by my justly-deserved misfortunes : the case very often of my betters.

However, a little I have learned ; and sometimes, while I seemed to lie asleep before the fire, I have overheard the conversation of your travellers.

In the first place, I will not suppose that you are gone abroad an illiterate cub, just escaped from the lash of your keeper, and running wild about the world like a dog who has lost his master, utterly unacquainted with the proper knowledge, manners, and conversation of dogs.

These

These are the public jests of every country through which they run post, and frequently they are avoided as if they were mad dogs. None will converse with them, but those who shear, sometimes even skin them, and often they return home like a dog who has lost his tail. In short, these travelling puppies do nothing else but run after foreign bitches, learn to dance, cut capers, play tricks, and admire your fine outlandish howling: though in my opinion, our vigorous, deep-mouthed British note is better music.

If a timely stop is not put to this, the genuine breed of our ancient sturdy dogs will, by degrees, dwindle and degenerate into dull Dutch Mastiffs, effeminate Italian lapdogs, or tawdry, impertinent French harlequins. All our once noble-throated guardians of the house and fold will be succeeded by a mean courtly race, that snarl at honest men, flatter rogues, proudly wear badges of slavery, ribands, collars, &c. and fetch and carry sticks at the lion's court. By the bye, my dear Marquis, this fetching and carrying of sticks is a diversion you are too much addicted to, and, though a diversion, unbecoming a true independent country dog. There is another god-vice, that greatly prevails among the hungry whelps at court; but your gut is too well stuffed to fall into that. What I mean is, patting, pawing, soliciting, teasing, snapping the morsel out of one another's mouths, being bitterly envious, and insatiably ravenous, nay, some-
times

times filching when they safely may. Of this vice I have an instance continually before my eyes, in that wretched animal Scrub, whose genius is quite misplaced here in the country. He has, besides, such an admirable talent at scratching at a door, as might well recommend him to the office of a court-waiter.—A word in your ear—I with a certain two-legged friend of mine had a little of his assiduity. These canine courtiers are also extremely given to bark at merit and virtue, if ill-clad and poor: they have likewise a nice discernment, with regard to those whom their master distinguishes; to such you shall see them go up immediately, and fawning in the most abject manner—*baïser leur cul*. For me, it is always a maxim with me,

To honour humble worth, and, scorning state,
Piss on the proud inhospitable gate.

For which reason I go scattering my water every where about Richmond. And now that I am upon this topic, I must cite you two lines of a letter, from Bounce (of celebrated memory) to Fop, a dog in the country, to a dog at court. She is giving an account of her generous offspring, among which she mentions two, far above the vice I now censure:

One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor!

Charma

Charming dogs! I have little more to say; but only, considering the great mart of scandal you are at, to warn you against flattering those you converse with, and, the moment they turn to go away, backbiting them—a vice with which the dogs of old ladies are much infected: and you must have been most furiously affected with it here at Richmond, had you not happened into a good family: therefore I might have spared this caution.—One thing I had almost forgot. You have a base custom, when you chance upon a certain fragrant exuvium, of perfuming your carcase with it. Fye! fye! leave that nasty custom to your little, foppish, crop-eared dogs, who do it to conceal their own stink.

My letter, I fear, grows tedious. I will detain you from your slumbers no longer, but conclude by wishing that the waters and exercise may bring down your fat sides, and that you may return a genteel, accomplished dog. Pray lick for me, you happy dog you, the hands of the fair ladies you have the honour to attend. I remember to have had that happiness once, when one, who shall be nameless, looked with an envious eye upon me.

Farewell, my dear Marquis. Return, I beg it of you, soon to Richmond: when I will treat you with some choice fragments, a marrow-bone, which I will
crack

crack for my myself, and a desert of high-toasted cheese.

I am, without farther ceremony,

Your's sincerely,

BUFF...

Mi Dewti too Marki. X Scrubb's mark..

THE HERMITAGE.

INSCRIBED TO A LADY.

[The spot which is the subject of the following Stanzas, tradition records to have been formerly the retreat of a Hermit. Though in its present state it no longer retains the charms of solitude, it boasts, what may seem not less fitted to inspire poetical devotion, the attractions of beauty.]

'TWAS near this spot, Devotion's seat,
The Hermit found a lone retreat,
And spent in peace his days;
And here, remote from worldly care,
Preferr'd his suit of morning pray'r,
His hymn of evening praise.

At length the joyful call was given,
To summon him from Earth and Heaven—
He died in good old age:

Fat

Far round was known his godly fame,
 And still the spot retains its name,
 Unchang'd,—the Hermitage.

No more appears his moss-clad cell,
 No more is heard his tinkling bell,
 That warn'd the hour of prayer;
 More artful structures now arise,
 Far different sounds assail the skies,—
 The busy hum of care.

Yet beauteous spirits still are found
 To love the consecrated ground,
 And haunt delighted there;
 Spirits they are, as poets deem,
 To others eyes they only seem,
 The fairest of the fair.

There, as the evening shades prevail,
 Sweet music floating in the gale
 Has caught my list'ning ears;—
 Sounds such as steal the sense away,
 And to the raptur'd soul convey
 The music of the spheres.

Or, haply chanc'd I to repair,
 A while escap'd from worldly care,
 To cheer my pensive breast,

Con-

Converse I've heard so sweet and sage;
As might become a Hermitage,
And chear a Hermit's guest.

Ne'er purer forms within a cell,
Nor breasts more pious deign'd to dwell,—
Here could I still remain;
Here, 'midst these beauteous spirits find:
A kindred form, congenial mind;
But, ah! the wish is vain.

Fortune denies, and duty too,
To me still sacred, bids pursue:
The world's tumultuous stage;
Yet oft, while memory heaves a sigh,
Shall my fond prayer ascend the sky,
To bless the Hermitage.

CHATTERTON.

It is recorded of the infancy of Chatterton by his mother; that upon being asked, what toy would afford him most pleasure, he replied with an earnestness that bespoke the emotion of his mind, "A trumpet to blow aloud!" Upon this circumstance the following verses are founded:

AVERSE to every childish toy,
 Why seize the trumpet, daring boy,
 And blow in strains so loud and clear,
 As all th' admiring world might hear;
 While the charm'd echo should rebound,
 And give to future times the sound?
 Ah! what could prompt thy wish to claim,
 In infancy, the Trump of Fame!
 By what intemperate thirst of praise,
 Too sure presage of shorten'd days,
 By what ambitious phrenzy led—
 That trumpet sounds but for the dead!
 Nor knew'st thou then, in hope elate,
 What future evils should await
 That Pride should teach repulse to feel,
 And Avarice grudge the scanty meal.
 Nor yet, to quench thy ardent soul,
 Appear'd the horrors of the bowl!

Oh!

Oh! born in infancy to plan
 A work beyond the powers of man :
 The native of some other sphere,
 Thy spirit just had lighted here ;
 By fame allur'd, but doom'd to find
 Th' ingratitude of base mankind,
 Indignant left its frame behind.
 The Trump of Fame shall now too late
 Announce thy genius and thy fate,
 And sound the mingl'd blasts of shame,
 With the loud honours of thy name.

THE RIGHTS OF MEN.

TO A LADY.

WHILE others, Delia, use their pen
 To vindicate the Rights of Men,
 Let us more wise to bliss attend,
 Be our's the Rights, which they defend.
 Those eyes that glow with love's own fire,
 And what they speak so well inspire ;
 That melting hand, that heaving breast
 That rises only to be prest ;
 That ivory neck, those lips of bliss,
 Which half invite the offer'd kiss :
 These, these, and Love approves the plan,
 I deem the dearest Rights of Man!

IMI.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

YOU shun me, Chloe, like a fawn,
That swiftly bounding o'er the lawn
Its timid dam descries;
In every bush a foe she fees,
A voice she hears in ev'ry breeze,
And trembles as she flies:

But why thus shun me, Chloe, why?
No lion fierce or tiger I,
Intent on cruel joy;
Now ripe in all the bloom of charms,
No longer court your mother's arms,
But bless some melting boy.

THE KISS.

A Sonnet penn'd with nicest care,
I sent to my indulgent fair;
A sonnet, 'twas the price of blifs,
For she repaid it with a kiss:
A kiss—but, oh! a kiss so sweet,
As only favour'd poets meet,
Where ev'ry charm of beauty strove,
Perfum'd with ev'ry breath of love!

Still,

Still, still this dear reward bestow,
 To love and thee my strains shall flow,
 Sweets from thy nectar'd breath I'll sip,
 And taste of rapture on thy lip.
 Thy kifs repeated shall inspire
 Alike new themes, and new desire,
 A poet's sweetness to my strains impart,
 But all a lover's rapture to my heart.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE ROSE.

A Rose long flourish'd, fair to view,
 In all the pride of bloom;
 But, trampled on, soon lost its hue,
 And wasted its perfume.

A sage beheld it as it lay,
 A tender tear he shed;
 And, Where thy colours once so gay?
 He moralizing said.

Perhaps, said he, I at thy fate,
 Less griev'd might now repine;
 But emblem of the mortal state,
 My own I see in thine.

TO A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY, WHO
TALKED MUCH.

WHILE raptur'd on your charms I gaze,
You talk so loud and long,
I find you angel in your face,
But woman in your tongue.

When taken captive by your eyes,
What pains I might endure!
But happily your tongue supplies
To beauty's wounds a cure.

If lovers then you would pursue,
Ah! learn your power to prize,
Nor by your idle tongue undo
The conquests of your eyes.

TO SLEEP.

SLEEP! ruler of the midnight hour,
Thy courted influence shed,
With gentle, but resistless, pow'r
Upon thy votary's head.

Fancy,

Fancy, with soothing dreams inspire,
 To give repose its charms,
 And bring the nymph I most admire;
 My Delia, to my arms.

What ask I more? Let dreams like these
 Arise to Delia's view,
 And I her sleeping fancy please,
 That she may wish them true.

THE WISH.

I'VE often wish'd to have a friend,
 With whom my choicest hours to spend,
 To whom I safely might impart
 Each wish and weakness of my heart;
 Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,
 Or mingle with my griefs a tear,
 For whom alone I'd wish to be,
 And who would only live for me;
 And, to secure my bliss for life,
 I'd wish that friend to be a wife.

ON A PRETTY YOUNG LADY, WHO AP-
PEARED MUCH IN PUBLIC.

I Don't dispute your charms of face,
But can without emotion gaze ;
Thus, though we own a picture fine,
Yet who would heed it, if a sign ?

TO DELIA.

OF earthly bliss what most I wish to find,
Is the affection of a kindred mind,
From fair to fair still ceaseless turns my breast,
And seeks a love in which at last to rest.
I boast not fortune's gifts, as little claim
The splendour of a long-descended name ;
I only boast a heart with passion mov'd,
That, loving, likewise merits to be lov'd.
Say, Delia, say, could you for me forego
Of wealth the pleasure, and the pomp of show,
These willingly resign, content to prove
The humblest fortune with the man you love ?
Pleas'd in his pleasure, could you also share,
And, by dividing, ease the load of care ;
His labours with your tendernefs beguile,
And cheer the frowns of fortune with a smile ?
Could you, when most forsaken and distress'd,
Then closest clasp him to your friendly breast ?

And to his woes, when hopeless of relief,
 Afford the sympathy of mingl'd grief?
 When sick, could you submit my bed to tend?
 When dying, smooth my passage to my end?
 And to my mem'ry, when departed true,
 My ashes with a tender tear bedew?
 Could you do this, what is there will not I
 With patience suffer, or with courage try?
 For you I'll bear to live, or dare to die;
 Life still will shew, and death confirm me true,
 And my last thought shall fondly dwell on you.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

LIKE some fair flow'r of tender hue,
 That sinks, oppress'd with early dew,
 That rises and that fades at morn,
 And almost dies as soon as born:
 Scarce granted to the light of day,
 Ere snatch'd, for ever snatch'd away;
 For thee, become but newly dear,
 Already parents shed the tear.
 Happy, who life with honour spend,
 Or meet, like thee, an early end!
 Next to a life in virtue spent
 Is death of one so innocent.

AN ELEGY.

AH me! oppress'd with never-ending woes,
 My hopes and wishes center in the tomb!
 When shall I sink securely to repose,
 And sleep encircl'd in its friendly gloom?

Long wish'd in vain, no more I wish for weal,
 I only seek the rest of death to prove;
 When I shall cease, for ever cease to feel
 The wounds of fortune, and the pangs of love.

Soon, soon, I hope, that to these closing eyes
 Its last kind office friendship shall bestow,
 Convey me where my honour'd mother lies,
 And bid my dust with kindred dust lye low.

Rank on my grave the matted grass shall grow;
 The busy and the gay pass heedless by;
 A parting tear, love,—friendship,—shall bestow;
 And I at rest from all my troubles lye.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE
CHATTERTON.

ILL-FATED youth! hard was thy lot below;
 How few thy years! yet, ah! how full of woe!
 How might thy genius have adorn'd thy race!
 How thy misfortunes ever must disgrace!
 Just in its gifts to all, impartial Heav'n
 To thee had greatest good and evil giv'n,
 From common mortals not distinguish'd less
 By mind, than fate, by talents, than distress:
 Wond'rous, but hapless boy, to thee we owe
 What'er admiring pity can bestow.
 Small were thy claims, but ev'n these claims deny'd,
 Thy mind indignant spurn'd its lot, and dy'd;
 Resolv'd at once the worst of fate to brave,
 And seek from want a refuge in the grave.
 What though, unhappy boy! thy sad remains
 No rites attend, no hallow'd ground contains,
 Yet pity shall bewail thy hapless doom,
 And genius consecrate thy early tomb;
 They, whose neglect destroy'd thee, now too late,
 Shall praise thy merit, and lament thy fate.

THE AUTHENTIC COPY

OF THE

PROLOGUE

To THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Spoken at Richmond House, by the Hon. Mrs. HOBART.

Written by the Right Hon. General CONWAY.

SINCE I was doom'd to tread the awful stage,
 Thank Heaven, that plac'd me in this polish'd age!
 There was a time, we're told, when in a cart
 I might have play'd our lovely Widow's part;
 Or travell'd, like a pedlar with a pack,
 And my whole homely wardrobe at my back;
 But, troth, I feel no fancy for such mumming;
 And sure one's dress should be at least becoming!
 No rainbow filk then flaunted in the wind;
 No gauzes swell'd before, nor cork behind;
 No diamonds then, with all their sparkling train,
 Nor rouge, nor powder, e'en a single grain.
 But these were simple times, the learn'd agree—
 Simple, indeed!—too simple much for me!

M 3

Another

Another age produc'd a diff'rent scene ;
 All grand and stately, as the first was mean ;
 The change, indeed, was total, *à la lettre* ;
 But I can hardly say 'twas for the better.
 For was't not strange, to see a well-drest play'r
 Strut in high buskins in the open air ;
 Then bawl to galleries high as any steeple ;
 Or squeak thro' pipes to forty thousand people ;
 Good Heavens, how horrid ! what a monstrous notion †
 'Twou'd quite deprive one of all speech and motion.
 And then to wear one settl'd, strange grimace,
 Or endless simpers on a pasteboard face ;
 To hide the beauties bounteous nature made,
 Behind a trifling yizard's filthy shade ;
 To lose of Siddons' glance the proud control,
 Or swimming eye that paints the melting soul ;
 'Th' obedient brow that can be stern, or meek ;
 The dimpling blush that dwells on Farren's cheek ;
 'The well-tun'd airs that suit each varying part ;
 And looks, that talk the language of the heart !

" Those ancients, we're assur'd, were wond'rous wits ;
 " In taste I'd rather trust our honest cits :
 " They might be learned, with their musty rules ;
 " For me, I set them down as errant fools ;
 " And must conclude, 'midst all those boasted arts,
 " Their audiences had neither eyes nor hearts."

To

To modern stages too, in my conception,
 One fairly might produce some just objection;
 'Tis such a concourse, such a staring show,
 Mobs shout above, and critics snarl below;
 But when their battle, in its dire array,
 Vents its full rage on players or on play,
 You'd think yourself a hundred leagues from shore;
 The boatswain whistles, and the monsters roar.
 " True; for ambition, 'tis an ample field;
 " Vast corps of praise its fertile regions yield;
 " But rankling thorns infest the genial soil,
 " And keenest tempests blast the planter's toil."

While here, in this fair garden's calm retreat,
 At once the virtues, and the muses' seat;
 Where friendly fans their kindest influence shed,
 Each tender plant may dauntless rear its head.

*Tho' no tall pine erect its stately charms,
 Nor cedar spread around its tragic arms;
 Here Venus' myrtle may its sweets disclose,
 Or virgin blushes tinge the new-blown rose;
 And sister arts their friendly aid may join,
 For some fair brow a mingl'd wreath to twine.*

But quitting metaphor;—this humble band,
 Who own YOUR power, and bow to YOUR command,

Shall scorn the noisy plaudits of the crowd,
 The vain, the great, the fickle, and the loud;
 Blest in the candour of a chosen few,
 Whose hearts are partial to their judgements true;—
 “ You to their faults will be a little blind;
 “ You to their talents will be very kind.
 “ And such th’ applause we covet for our play;
 “ Where the heart dictates and the hands obey.”

The above appears as it was originally spoken.—The lines with inverted commas were omitted, in order to introduce the following, on the night of performance before HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, and the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND—and those printed with Italics, as well as those with inverted commas, were omitted in order to introduce the following lines, which were spoken on the night of performance before the KING and QUEEN.

Lines introduced on the Representation before the PRINCE of WALES.

AND should those favour'd seats this happy night
 Shine with a lustre eminently bright:
 Should royal greatness humbly condescend
 To lay the Prince aside, and æt the friend;
 Indulgent to the liberal arts they love,
 They'll strive to pardon faults they can't approve;

And could their flattering smiles with equal ease,
 As the ambition, give the power to please,
 We'd fill the mimic, as the real part,
 And pay with duty, what we want in art.

*Lines introduced on the Representation before the KING and
 QUEEN.*

HERE, in the peaceful silence of the grove,
 Sacred to friendship and to friendly love;
 If an unlicens'd, tho' not venal band,
 Have dar'd with zealous, yet with trembling hand,
 Ent'ring with pious awe their hallow'd shrine,
 To raise an altar to the heav'nly Nine;
 If, strongly ardent in so fair a cause,
 We have transgress'd, while we revere the laws,
 E'en Cæsar's self, their guardian and their friend,
 Would thro' our error see its nobler end.
 Patron of arts, he'd own the gen'rous flame;
 The friends of taste and freedom are the same!
 And should those gracious pow'rs, who might restrain,
 E'en by their presence consecrate our scene;
 Kindly indulgent to the muse they love,
 Shou'd they protect attempts they might reprove;
 With condescension that each fear beguiles;
 You'll read our licence in their fav'ring smiles.

AUTHENTIC COPY

OF THE

EPILOGUE

Written by Lieutenant-general BURGOYNE.

Spoken by the Hon. Mrs. DAMER.

“ THE Way to Keep Him!”—is the task so hard,
 When life's best lot is the assur'd reward?
 Does man, unthinking man, his share despise?
 Or does weak woman throw away the prize?
 'Tis in ourselves our empire to maintain:
 I've trac'd the happy image in my brain;
 Smiling she fits, and weaves a rosy chain.
 Oh! could my humble skill, which often strove
 In mimic stone to copy forms I love,
 By soft gradation reach a higher art,
 And bring to view a sculpture of the heart!
 I'll try; and cull materials as they're scatter'd—
 Not from one object, lest 'twere said I flatter'd:
 First, temper—gentle, uniform, obedient—
 Yes, mighty Sirs—we know your grand ingredient:

I have

I have it in that face (*writes*) th' example's down—
 That seldom wears, and never meets a frown.
 Vivacity and wit (*looks round*) I'll take from you—
 And sentiment from Lady, I know who.
 Truth and discretion—there—how they adorn her,
 And delicacy peeping from that corner.
 For sensibility, where smiles and sighs
 In pain or joy with blended softness rise,
 I see it breaking thro' yon lovely bloom,—
 For a desire to please—I'll look at home.
 Hypocrisy—don't start—she wants one grain,
 One little atom, just to cover pain,
 When not content with blessings in her pow'r,
 Her truant robs her av'rice of an hour.
 My compound's right, e'er next we meet, I'll mould it ;
 And find among you a fit case to hold it.
 Ye sons of taste, who would such charms obey,
 Could ye but find them wrapt in mortal clay,
 Complete Pygmalion's part—adore and pray!
 For the most worthy Venus shall decide,
 Awake the statue, and present the bride.

*On the night of performance before the KING and
 QUEEN, the seven last lines of the above were omitted,
 in order to introduce the following:*

SUCH are the gifts th' attentive loves should bring,
 A hoop of gems to guard the bridal ring.

Need I, *here*, point to virtues more sublime!
 Unchang'd by fashion, unimpair'd by time,
 To higher duties of connubial ties!
 The mutual blessings that from duties rise!
 Your looks—your hearts—the bright assemblage own,
 Which Heaven to emulative life has shown,
 And plac'd in double lustre on a throne.

VILLAGE POLITICS,

ADDRESSED TO ALL MECHANICS, JOURNEYMEN, AND
 DAY LABOURERS, IN GREAT BRITAIN.

By WILL CHIP, *a Country Carpenter.*

*A DIALOGUE between JACK ANVIL the Blacksmith,
 and TOM HOD the Mason.*

Jack. WHAT's the matter, Tom; Why dost look so
 dismal?

Tom. Dismal indeed! Well enough I may.

J. What's the old mare dead? or work scarce?

T. No, no, work's plenty enough, if a man had but
 the heart to go to it.

J. What book art reading? Why dost look so like a
 hang dog?

T. (*Looking on his book.*) Cause enough. Why I find
 here that I'm very unhappy, and very miserable; which
 I should

I should never have known if I had not had the good luck to meet with this book. O 'tis a precious book !

J. A good sign tho' ; that you can't find out you're unhappy without looking into a book for it. What is the matter ?

T. Matter ! Why I want liberty.

J. Liberty ! What has any one fetched a warrant for thee ? Come man, cheer up, I'll be bound for thee.— Thou art an honest fellow in the main, tho' thou dost tittle and prate a little too much at the Rose and Crown.

T. No, no, I want a new constitution.

J. Indeed ! Why I thought thou hadst been a desperate healthy fellow. Send for the Doctor then.

T. I'm not sick ; I want Liberty and Equality, and the Rights of Man.

J. O now I understand thee. What thou art a level-ler and a republican, I warrant.

T. I'm a friend to the people. I want a reform.

J. The shortest way is to mend thyself.

T. But I want a *general reform*.

J. Then let every one mend one.

T. Pooh ! I want freedom and happiness, the same as they have got in France.

J. What, Tom, we imitate them ? We follow the French ? Why they only begun all this mischief at first, in order to be just what *we* are already. Why I'd sooner go to the Negers to get learning, or to the Turks to get

get religion, than to the French for freedom and happiness.

T. What do you mean by that? ar'n't the French free?

J. Free, Tom! aye, free with a witness. They are all so free, that there's nobody safe. They make free to rob whom they will, and kill whom they will. If they don't like a man's looks, they make free to hang him without judge or jury, and the next lamp-post does for the gallows; so then they call themselves free, because you see they have no king to take them up and hang them for it.

T. Ah, but Jack, didn't their king formerly hang people for nothing too? and besides, wer'n't they all papists before the Revolution?

J. Why, true enough, they had but a poor sort of religion, but bad is better than none, Tom. And so was the government bad enough too; for they could clap an innocent man into prison, and keep him there too as long as they would, and never say with your leave or by your leave, Gentlemen of the Jury. But what's all that to us?

T. To us! Why don't our governors put many of our poor folks in prison against their will? What are all the jails for? Down with the jails, I say; all men should be free.

J. Harkee, Tom, a few rogues in prison keep the rest in order, and then honest men go about their business,

ness, afraid of nobody, that's the way to be free. And let me tell thee, Tom, thou and I are tried by our peers as much as a lord is. Why the *king* can't send me to prison if I do no harm, and if I do, there's reason good why I should go there. I may go to law with Sir John, at the great castle yonder, and he no more dares lift his little finger against me than if I were his equal. A lord is hanged for hanging matter, as thou and I shou'd be; and if it will be any comfort to thee, I myself remember a Peer of the Realm being hanged for killing his man, just the same as the man wou'd have been for killing *him*.*

T. Well, that is some comfort. But have you read the Rights of Man?

J. No, not I. I had rather by half read the *Whole Duty of Man*. I have but little time for reading, and such as I should therefore only read a bit of the best.

T. Don't tell me of those old fashioned notions. Why should not we have the same fine things they have got in France? I'm for a *Constitution*, and *Organization*, and *Equalization*.

J. Do be quiet. Now, Tom, only suppose this nonsensical equality was to take place; why it would not last while one cou'd say Jack Robinson: or suppose it cou'd—suppose, in the general division, our new rulers were to

* Lord Ferrers was hanged in 1760, for killing his steward.

give us half an acre of ground a-piece; we cou'd to be sure raise potatoes on it for the use of our families; but as every other man would be equally busy in raising potatoes for *his* family, why then you see if thou wast to break thy spade, I should not be able to mend it. Neighbour Snip wou'd have no time to make us a suit of cloaths, nor the clothier to weave the cloth, for all the world would be gone a digging. And as to boots and shoes, the want of some one to make them for us, wou'd be a greater grievance than the tax on leather. If we shou'd be sick, there wou'd be no doctor's stuff for us; for doctor wou'd be digging too. We cou'd not get a chimney swept, or a load of coal from pit, for love or money.

T. But still I should have no one over my head.

J. That's a mistake: I'm stronger than thou; and Standish, the exciseman, is a better scholar; so we should not remain equal a minute. I shou'd out-fight thee, and he'd out-wit thee. And if such a sturdy fellow as I am, was to come and break down thy hedge for a little firing, or to take away the crop from thy ground, I'm not so sure that these new-fangled laws wou'd see thee righted. I tell thee, Tom, we have a fine constitution already, and our fore-fathers thought so.

T. They were a pack of fools, and had never read the Rights of Man.

J. I'll tell thee a story. When Sir John married my Lady, who is a little fantastical, and likes to do every thing like

like the French, she begged him to pull down yonder fine old castle, and build it up in her frippery way. No, says Sir John; what, shall I pull down this noble building, raised by the wisdom of my brave ancestors, which outstood the civil wars, and only underwent a little needful repair at the Revolution, and which all my neighbours come to take a pattern by—shall I pull it all down, I say, only because there may be a dark closet, or an inconvenient room or two in it? My lady mumpt and grumbled; but the castle was let stand, and a glorious building it is, though there may be a trifling fault or two, and though a few decays may want stopping; so now and then they mend a little thing, and then they'll go on mending, I dare say, as they have leisure, to the end of the chapter if they are let alone. But no pull-me-down works. What is it you are crying out for, Tom?

T. Why, for a perfect government.

J. You might as well cry for the moon. There's nothing perfect in this world, take my word for it.

T. I don't see why we are to work like slaves, while others roll about in their coaches; feed on the fat of the land, and do nothing.

J. My little maid brought me home a story-book from the Charity-School t'other day, in which was a bit of a fable about the belly and the limbs. The hands said, I won't work any longer to feed this lazy belly, who sits in state like a lord, and does nothing. Said
the

the feet, I won't walk and tire myself to carry him about; let him shift for himself; so said all the members; just as your levellers and republicans do now. And what was the consequence? Why, the belly was pinched to be sure; but the hands and the feet, and the rest of the members suffered so much for want of their old nourishment, that they fell sick, pined away, and wou'd have died, if they had not come to their senses just in time to save their lives, as I hope all you will do.

T. But the times—but the taxes, Jack.

J. Things are dear, to be sure; but riot and murder is not the way to make them cheap. And taxes are high; but I'm told there's a deal of old scores paying off, and by them who did not contract the debt neither, Tom. Besides things are mending, I hope, and what little is done, is for us poor people; our candles are somewhat cheaper, and I dare say, if the honest gentleman is not disturbed by you levellers, things will mend every day. But bear one thing in mind: the more we riot, the more we shall have to pay. Mind another thing too, that in France the poor paid all the taxes, as I have heard 'em say, and the quality paid nothing.

T. Well, I know what's what, as well as another; and I'm as fit to govern—

J. No, Tom, no. You are, indeed, as good as another man, seeing you have hands to work, and a
foul

foul to be saved. But are all men fit for all kinds of things? Soloman says, "How can he be wise, whose talk is of oxen?" Every one in his way. I am a better judge of a horse-shoe than Sir John; but he has a deal better notion of state affairs than I; and I can no more do without him than he can do without me. And few are so poor but they may get a vote for a parliament-man, and so you see the poor have as much share in the government as they well know how to manage.

T. But I say all men are equal. Why should one be above another?

J. If that's thy talk, Tom, thou dost quarrel with Providence and not with government. For the woman is below her husband, and the children are below their mother, and the servant is below his master.

T. But the subject is not below the king; all kings are "crowned ruffians;" and all governments are wicked. For my part, I'm resolved I'll pay no more taxes to any of them.

J. Tom, Tom, this is thy nonsense; if thou didst go oftner to church, thou wou'dst know where it is said, "Render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's;" and also, "Fear God, honour the king." Your book tells you, that we need obey no government but that of the people, and that we may fashion and alter the government according to our whimsies; but mine tells me, "Let every one be subject to the higher powers, for
" al

" all power is of God, the powers that be are ordained of God ; whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." Thou sayst, thou wilt pay no taxes to any of them. Dost thou know who it was that work'd a miracle, that he might have money to pay tribute with, rather than set you and me an example of disobedience to government ?

T. I say we shall never be happy, till we do as the French have done.

T. The French and we contending for liberty, Tom, is just as if thou and I were to pretend to run a race ; thou to set out from the starting post, when I am in already ; why, we've got it man ; we've no race to run. We're there already. Our constitution is no more like what the French one was, than a mug of our Taunton beer is like a platter of their soup-maigre.

T. I know we shall be undone, if we don't get a new *constitution*—that's all.

T. And I know we shall be undone if we *do*. I don't know much about politics, but I can see by a little, what a great deal means. Now, only to shew thee the state of public credit, as I think Tim Standish calls it. There's Farmer Furrow : a few years ago, he had an odd 50l. by him ; so, to keep it out of harm's way, he put it out to use, on government security I think he calls it. Well, t'other day he married one of his daughters, so he thought he'd give her that 50l. for a bit of a portion. Tom, as I'm a living man, when he went
to

to take it out, if his fifty pounds was not grown almost to an hundred! and would have been a full hundred, they say, by this time, if the gentleman had been let alone.

T. Well, still, as the old saying is—I shou'd like to do as they do in France.

J. What, shou'dst like to be murdered with as little ceremony as Hackabout, the butcher, knocks down a calf? Then, for every little bit of tiff a man gets rid of his wife. And as to liberty of *conscience*, which they brag so much about, why they have driven away their parsons, (aye, and murdered many of 'em) because they wou'd not swear as they would have them. And then they talk of liberty of the press; why, Tom, only t'other day they hang'd a man for printing a book against this pretty government of theirs.

T. But you said yourself it was sad times in France, before they pull'd down the old government.

J. Well, and suppose the French were as much in the right as I know them to be in the wrong, what does that argue for *us*? Because neighbour Farrow t'other day pulled down a crazy, old barn, is that a reason why I must set fire to my tight cottage?

T. I don't see why one man is to ride in a coach and six, while another mends the highway for him.

J. I don't see why the man in the coach is to *drive* over the man on foot, or hurt a hair of his head. And as to our great folks that you levellers have such a spite against,

against, I don't pretend to say they are a bit better than they should be; but that's no affair of mine; let them look to that; they'll answer for that in another place. To be sure, I wish they'd set us a better example about going to church, and those things; but still *boarding's* not the sin of the age; they don't lock up their *money*—away it goes, and every body's the better for it. They do spend too much to be sure in feasting and fandangoes, and if I was a parson I'd go to work with 'em in another kind of a way: but as I am only a poor tradesman, why 'tis but bringing more grist to my mill. It all comes among the people—their coaches, and their furniture, and their buildings, and their planting, employ a power of trades-people and labourers. Now in this village; what shou'd we do without the castle? Tho' my Lady is too rantipolish, and flies about all summer to hot water and cold water, and fresh water and salt water. when she ought to stay at home with Sir John; yet when she does come down, she brings such a deal of gentry, that I have more horses than I can shoe, and my wife more linen than she can wash. Then all our grown children are servants in the family, and rare wages they have got. Our little boys get something every day by weeding their gardens, and the girls learn to sew and knit at Sir John's expence, who sends them all to school of a Sunday.

T. Aye, but there's not Sir Johns in every village.

J. The

J. The more's the pity. But there's other help. 'Twas but last year you broke your leg, and was nine weeks in the Bristol 'Firmery, where you was taken as much care of as a lord, and your family was maintained all the while by the parish. No poor-rates in France, Tom; and here there's a matter of two million and a half paid for them, if 'twas but a little better managed.

T. Two million and a half!

J. Aye, indeed. Not translated into ten-pences, as your French millions are, but twenty good shillings to the pound. But, when this levelling comes about, there will be no 'firmaries, no hospitals, no charity-schools, no Sunday-schools, where so many hundred thousand poor souls learn to read the word of God for nothing. For who is to pay for them? *equality* can't afford it; and those that may be willing won't be able.

T. But we shall be one as good as another, for all that.

J. Aye, and bad will be the best. But we must work as we do now, and with this difference, that no one will be able to pay us. Tom! I have got the use of my limbs, of my liberty, of the laws, and of my Bible. The two first I take to be my *natural* rights; the two last my *civil* and *religious*; these, I take it, are the *true Rights of Man*, and all the rest is nothing but nonsense, and madness, and wickedness. My cottage is my castle; I sit down in it at night in peace and thankfulness, and "no man maketh me afraid." Instead of indulging
discon-

discontent, because another is richer than I in this world, (for envy is at the bottom of your equality works) I read my Bible, go to church, and think of a treasure in Heaven.

T. Aye; but the French have got it in *this* world.

J. 'Tis all a lye, Tom. Sir John's butler says, his master gets letters which *say* 'tis all a lye. 'Tis all murder, and nakedness, and hunger; many of the poor soldiers fight without victuals, and march without clothes. These are your *democrats*! Tom.

T. What then, dost think all the men on our side wicked?

J. No—not so neither—they've made fools of the most of you, as I believe. I judge no man, Tom; I hate no man. Even republicans and levellers, I hope, will always enjoy the protection of our laws; though I hope they will never be our law-makers. There's many true dissenters, and there's hollow churchmen; and a good man is a good man, whether his church has got a steeple to it or not. The new-fashioned way of proving one's religion is to *hate* somebody. Now, though some folks pretend that a man's hating a Papist, or a Presbyterian, proves him to be a good *Churchman*, it don't prove him to be a good *Christian*, Tom. As much as I hate republican works, I'd scorn to *live* in a country where there was not liberty of conscience; and where every man might not worship God his own way. Now that they had not in France: the Bible was shut up in

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an unknown, heathenish tongue. While here, thou and I can make as free use of our's as a bishop; can no more be sent to prison unjustly than a judge; and are as much taken care of by the laws as the parliament man who makes them. And this levelling makes people so dismal. These poor French fellows used to be the merriest dogs in the world; but since equality came in, I don't believe a Frenchman has ever laughed.

T. What then dost thou take French *liberty* to be?

J. To murder more men in one night, than ever their poor king did in his whole life.

T. And what dost thou take a *Democrat* to be?

J. One who likes to be governed by a thousand tyrants, and yet can't bear a king.

T. What is *Equality*?

J. For every man to pull down every one that is above him, till they're all as low as the lowest.

T. What is *the new Rights of Man*?

J. Battle, murder, and sudden death.

T. What is it to be *an enlightened people*?

J. To put out the light of the gospel, confound right and wrong, and grope about in pitch darkness.

T. What is *Philosophy*, that Tim Standish talks so much about?

J. To believe that there's neither God, nor devil, nor Heaven, nor hell.—To dig up a wicked old fellow's*

* Voltaire.

rotten bones, whose books, Sir John says, have been the ruin of thousands; and to set his figure up in a church and worship him.

T. And what mean the other hard words that Tim talks about—*organization*, and *function*, and *civism*, and *incivism*, and *equalization*, and *inviolability* and *imper-scriptible*?

J. Nonsense, gibberish, downright hocus-pocus. I know 'tis not English; Sir John says 'tis not Latin; and his valet de sham says 'tis not French neither.

T. And yet Tim says he never shall be happy till all these fine things are brought over to England.

J. What, into this Christian country, Tom? Why, dost know they have no *sabbath*? Their mob parliament meets of a Sunday to do their wicked work, as naturally as we do to go to church. They have renounced God's word and God's day, and they don't even date in the year of our Lord. Why dost turn pale, man? And the rogues are always making such a noise, Tom, in the midst of their parliament-house, that their speaker rings a bell, like our penny-postman, because he can't keep them in order.

T. And dost thou think our Rights of Man will lead to all this wickedness?

J. As sure as eggs are eggs.

T. I begin to think we're better off as we are.

J. I'm sure on't. This is only a scheme to make us

go back in every thing. 'Tis making ourselves poor
 wher we were getting rich.

T. I begin to think I'm not so very unhappy as I had
 got to fancy.

J. Tom, I don't care for drink myself, but thou dost,
 and I'll argue with thee in thy own way; when there's all
 equality there will be no *superfluity*; when there's no wages
 there'll be no drink; and levelling will rob thee of thy ale
 more than the malt-tax does.

T. But Standish says, if we had a good government
 there'd be no want of any thing.

J. He is like many others, who take the King's money
 and betray him. Tho' I'm no scholar, I know that a
 good government is a good thing. But don't go to make
 me believe that *any* government can make a bad man
 good, or a discontented man happy.—What art musing
 upon, man?

T. Let me sum up the evidence, as they say at 'fizes
 —Hem! To cut every man's throat who does not think
 as I do, or hang him up at a lamp-post!—Pretend liberty
 of conscience, and then banish the parsons only for being
 conscientious!—Cry out liberty of the press, and hang
 up the first man who writes his mind!—Lose our poor
 laws!—Lose one's wife, perhaps, upon every little tiff!
 —March without clothes, and fight without victuals!
 —No trade!—No bible!—No sabbath nor day of rest!
 —No safety, no comfort, no peace in this world—and

no world to come!—Jack, I never knew thee tell a lie in my life.

J. Nor wou'd I now, not even against the French.

T. And thou art very sure we are not ruined?

J. I'll tell thee how we are ruined. We have a king so loving, that he wou'd not hurt the people if he cou'd; and so kept in, that he cou'd not hurt the people if he wou'd. We have as much liberty as can make us happy, and more trade and riches than allows us to be good. We have the best laws in the world, if they were more strictly enforced; and the best religion in the world, if it was but better followed. While Old England is safe, I'll glory in her and pray for her, and when she is in danger, I'll fight for her and die for her.

T. And so will I too, Jack, that's what I will. (*sings*)

“ *O the roast beef of Old England!* ”

J. Thou art an honest fellow, Tom.

T. This is Rose and Crown night, and Tim Standish is now at his mischief; but we'll go and put an end to that fellow's work.

J. Come along.

T. No: first I'll stay to burn my book, and then I'll go and make a bonfire, and—

J. Hold, Tom. There is but one thing worse than a bitter enemy, and that is, an imprudent friend. If thou wou'd'st

woud'st shew thy love to thy King and country, let's have no drinking, no riot, no bonfires ; but put in practice this text, which our parson preached on last Sunday, " Study " to be quiet, work with your own hands, and mind " your own business."

T. And so I will, Jack—Come on.

THE GOITRE.

A FABLE.

READER! you've seen perchance (for ev'ry fight
John Bull's devout attention draws);
You've seen with equal wonder and delight,
The Monstrous Craws.—

Now, if you feel your vig'rous fancy able
To give a mere unform'd excrescence,
Existence personal and essence,
See how a *Wen* can figure in a fable.

A *Goitre* in an Alpine valley bred,
In shape and size full rival to the head,
Esteem'd among the belles of Syon
The prettiest lump of flesh was e'er set eye on,
Made vain, as we may well suppose,
With admiration, like a noddy
Puff'd with self-consequence and folly, chose
To stand in competition with the body,

And thus he argu'd—"In the general plan,
 " That forms the commonwealth of man,
 " We may presume that ev'ry single part,
 " In bulk, and growth, and distribution,
 " Was made by never-erring art,
 " Best suited to the human constitution.
 " 'Twere then enough for me to found pretensions
 " On my long standing, place, and large dimensions;
 " But be it known, that if I please,
 " I can bring better claims than these.

" And first my *privileges*. When the head,
 " Fatigu'd with thinking, or with raking,
 " Lies on the pillow, pale and dead,
 " Ready to split with aching;
 " When the heart flutters, and with direful rumble
 " The cholick'd bowels grumble;
 " When limbs are on the rack,
 " And grinding pains run thro' the long, long back,
 " I loll upon the breast,
 " In ease and rest,
 " With nought to do, but put my juices
 " To all their proper uses;
 " And thus I fatten, grow, and thrive,
 " While they, poor souls! scarce keep themselves alive.

" Now

- “ Now for my *services*. I need not tell ye,
 “ How once the members quarrelled with the belly ;
 “ And still the resty rascals, led
 “ By the rebellious head,
 “ Are prone to riot.
 “ 'Tis then my task to keep them quiet,
 “ By draining off superfluous humours,
 “ Suppressing ferments and plethoric tumours,
 “ And by the wholesome system of starvation,
 “ Maintaining peace and due subordination :
 “ And thus I keep the balance even.
 “ And fit the body-politic for heaven.
- “ These things consider'd, reason must agree,
 “ That place and preference are due to me ;
 “ Yet, for the gen'ral welfare, I'm content
 “ To make a close and firm alliance,
 “ That we may all live easy and content,
 “ And bid our foes defiance.”

While thus Sir Goitre, swagg'ring and vap'ring,
 Led his poor passive partner such a life,
 Comes a *French Surgeon*, flourishing and capering,
 Who whipping out his knife,
 Made an incision to the quick,
 Like boys about a stick,
 - And presently proceeded to dissever
 The ill-match'd pair for ever and for ever.

Here Goitre lay, a wither'd, lifeless lump,
While the disburden'd body vig'rous grew and plump.

Most states abound in hangers-on and tumours,
From petty warts to wens of monstrous size,
That suck the blood and waste the precious humours,
Yet call themselves *supporters* and *allies*.

LINES

*Addressed to VICTORY, in consequence of the success of
MARQUIS CORNWALLIS and his ARMY against
TIPPOO SULTAN:*

By E. CORNELIA KNIGHT,

Author of DINARBAS, and MARCUS FLAMINIUS.

FAIREST and brightest of the heavenly choir,
Immortal Victory, my song inspire!
Teach me with grateful voice to tune thy praise,
Direct my numbers—animate my lays!
O may'st thou still in Britain's cause prevail,
Parent of glory, peace, abundance, hail!
Goddess of heroes, round thy blissful shrine
The brave alone their votive garlands twine!
At thy approach Distrust and Terror yield,
And verdant laurels hide the ensanguin'd field;

Tri-

Triumphant joys to anxious doubts succeed,
 All cares are lull'd, and wounds forget to bleed ;
 Fatigue and pain are banish'd by thy breath,
 And thou can'st soften e'en the pangs of death ;
 Crown'd with thy wreath, encircl'd by thy arms,
 Expires the warrior, gazing on thy charms ;
 Revenge and Anger thy behests obey,
 Their weapons sheath, and own thy clement sway ;
 Thy powerful arm strikes off the captive's chains,
 And glad restores him to his native plains.

Celestial fair! thy radiant form how bright,
 Where orient Phœbus darts its earliest light !
 There, deck'd with gems, in splendid robes array'd,
 On British ensigns rests the heavenly maid.
 Before her feet the grateful India smiles,
 From barbarous rapine freed, and Gallic wiles.
 The conquering host in martial pomp appears,
 And ev'ry brow the well-earn'd laurel wears.
 By pleasures unsubdu'd, by wealth unmov'd,
 By toils unwearied, and by dangers prov'd ;
 Above the rest in honours, as in place,
 The soldier's father, and his country's grace,
 CORNWALLIS stands ; around whose temples play
 Refulgent glories on this happy day.
 O Goddess, may thy justice never swerve !
 May those still gain thy favour who deserve !

Where

Where GEORGE with mild paternal rule commands
 A grateful nation join'd in union's bands ;
 Where PITT directs the councils of the State,
 In early wisdom firm, and calmly great ;
 Where valiant armies shield the public cause,
 Defend their Prince, their country, and her laws ;
 Where glorious navies awe the subject main,
 And Britain's just pre-eminence maintain :
 Propitious VICTORY, for ever smile,
 And scatter laurels o'er thy favour'd isle !

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR,

PERFORMED BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES AT SAINT
 JAMES'S.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. POET LAUREAT.

NOT with more joy from desert shades,
 Where prowls untam'd the savage train,
 From pathless moors and barren glades,
 Sad Defolation's gloomy reign
 Averted, bends the weary eye
 To seats of rural industry,
 Where harvests wave in yellow pride,
 Where spreads the fertile champain wide
 The lucid stream, while Commerce leads
 Through peopled towns and laughing meads ;
 Than

Than turns the mind from scenes of woe,
 Where ceaseless tears of anguish flow ;
 Where Anarchy's insatiate brood
 Their horrid footsteps mark with blood,
 To shores where temperate freedom reigns,
 Where peace and order bless the plains,
 Where men the Sovereign of their choice obey,
 Where BRITAIN'S grateful sons exult in GEORGE'S
 sway.

Yet ALBION ne'er with selfish aim
 To her own race her care confines—
 On all, the sacred gift who claim,
 The golden beam of Freedom shines.
 Sad outcast from his native shore,
 The wretched exile wafted o'er,
 Feels Pitt's lenient hand assuage
 The wounds of Faction's cruel rage ;
 Her laws to all protective yield
 Security's impartial shield :
 Who breathes her air breathes purest liberty—
 Gaunt Slavery flies the coast—who treads her soil is
 free.

Ambition's clarion has not charm'd
 Her dauntless legions to the war,
 Nor have her sons, by fury arm'd,
 Follow'd Oppression's iron car ;

Tho'

Tho' prompt at Honour's call to brave
 The hostile clime, the adverse wave,
 Their thunder 'neath the burning zone
 Shook the proud Despot on his throne ;
 Yet while aloft in orient skies
 Conquest's triumphant banner flies,
 The generous victor bids the conflict cease,
 And 'midst his laurels twines the nobler wreaths of
 peace.

Blest Peace! O may thy radiance mild
 Beam kindly on the opening year!
 Yet should with frantic vengeance wild
 The fiends of Discord urge their rash career,
 Not cold in Freedom's sacred cause,
 Not slow to guard her holy Laws,
 Faithful to him their hearts approve,
 The MONARCH they revere, the MAN they love,
 BRITANNIA'S Sons shall arm with patriot zeal,
 Their Prince's cause their own—his rights the general
 weal.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

STATESMEN.

Verba animi preferre et vitam impendere vero.

WHILE thankless England, by her fears misled,
 To truth, to reason, and to virtue dead,
 Fawns on the men who undermine her laws,
 And flights the champions who defend her cause;
 While the same truths which hurt the country's ear,
 Corruption hates, and guilt revolts to hear.
 Unmoved by interest, undismayed by ill,
 You keep your post and are a patriot still.
 'Tis true, your conduct may the crowd inflame,
 To curse your counsels and revile your name;
 May prompt the mean to seize the lucky hour,
 And quit your standard for the smiles of power:
 But, if still steadfast to your manly part,
 You boldly speak the dictates of your heart,
 In spite of all the storms around you spread,
 Which seem e'en now to burst upon your head,
 Yet you shall reap rewards to honour due;
 Rewards beyond all price, and worthy you.

Not

Not such as vulgar admiration claim ;
 A riband, place, a fortune, or a name :
 But such as niggard fate bestows on few,
 E'en such as Sydney, or as Cato knew.
 A soul, in its own probity secure,
 A conscience, in its last recesses pure,
 A mind, which in unequal fortune's spite,
 E'en in the combat whispers, you are right.
 The world's applauses are no trifling mead,
 But to deserve them is a prize indeed !
 And he who gains that prize, secures a joy,
 No times can alter, no events destroy !
 Still with such joy, O Statesman ! first and best ;
 Still with such comfort may thy soul be blest,
 And still more blest, when curst by angry *fate*,
 As then, more firm, more virtuous, and more *great*.



FINIS.